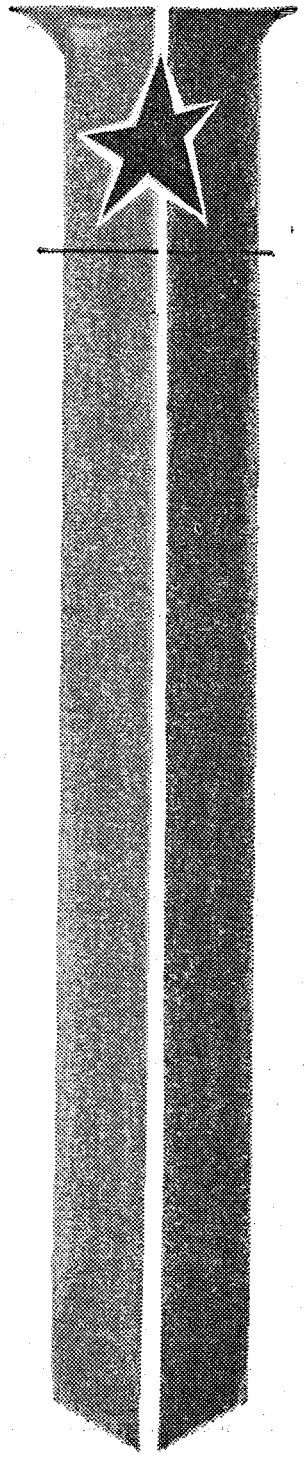
THE MENCKEN MYTH: Guy Jean Fogue

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 16, 1961 . . 25c



KENNEDY'S GAMBLE ON LATIN AMERICA

David Smyth

WELFARE à la NEWBURGH

William B. Rollins and Bernard Lefkowitz

HELLBENT for the MOON

Carl Dreher

STUDENT LEADERS AND CAMPUS APATHY

Steven Roberts and Carey McWilliams, Jr.

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Sex Manuals

Dear Sirs: As usual, David Cort has come up with an original angle in "Sex Happiness for All" *(The Nation,* Sept. 2, 1961).

A few years ago, Dr. David Mace wrote a piece for a mass circulation magazine suggesting that sex manuals be abolished because too many couples feel inadequate after measuring their own sexual performance by those frightening charts. But I believe that Dr. Marynia Farnham and Ferdinand Lundberg were closer to the truth in *Modern Woman, The Lost Sex,* where they write that sex manuals may serve a useful purpose because the positive authority of the doctor is substituted for the negative authority of the parent. Therefore, it is unfair to ask, as Cort does, "But are nice, kindly, uninspired doctors competent to do the explaining?"

At the same time, I agree with Cort that literature can invest the act with more beauty and place it in its proper perspective in human relationships. It is interesting that in the recent trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in England, someone pointed out that the best description of sexual intercourse ever written is to be found in the fourth book of Lucretius.

However, Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone did not set out to write a work of art, but to counteract ignorance, guilt and fear. They are in the tradition of women's rights champions (Cort recognizes this, but I gather doesn't approve) and ought to be respected as such. PATRICIA ROBINSON

Whitestone, N.Y.

Job for Government

Dear Sirs: Referring to that Las Vegas militia and to the Texan "civil defender" with his .357 Magnum *(Nation* editorial, August 26): That civilization is in precarious condition, that some specimens of humanity revert in a running leap to savagery under stress, is not news. But that advantaged citizens of our favored land can so coolly *prepare* to turn bestial at the mere anticipation of crisis suggests commentary that cannot be given the grace of verbal expression.

What it further suggests, in a practical vein, is that a system of civil defense that rests on individual initiative courts a horror measurably worse than bomb blasts. If it is the dismal fact that in a decade and a half we have "progressed" to the point where a nuclear war is psychologically tenable, surely we must act corporately, as a nation, to protect ourselves. The remote impersonality of federal government tending the faceless crowd becomes the very pinnacle of moral achievement when set beside this kind of personal initiative.

DAVID L. NORTON

Leader, Ethical Society of St. Louis

St. Louis, Mo.

The Gifted Child

Dear Sirs: Barry W. Strejcek's comment [*The Nation,* Aug. 12] on A. S. Neill's school in England for young children interests me. I agree with Mr. Neill that more freedom should be given children at an early age. It seems logical that in order to have a democracy for adults, these same adults must study and practice it from early childhood. Mr. Neill has, according to Mr. Strejcek, "operated his private school for forty years on three principles: freedom, respect and democracy." I reflect on my own childhood and have tried to observe (though in a limited way) the childhood of today. I come up with the conclusion that many of the public schools are operated on the principles of regimentation contempt and tyranny. A further concusion of mine is that these latter principles are especially damaging to gifted children. Despite the wave of concern since the Sputniks, it is my convicion that many a brilliant mind is being stultified into mediocrity long beore completing grade school. . . .

I have the impression that a large segment of the public and the teaching profession regards the fact that some children are endowed by nature with the ability to learn markedly faster than others as an unjust dispensation of providence. They correct the matter by various forms of suppression. Hostility is evident in some cases and is probably operative in many more. Hobble the legs of a fast runner and there would be public outcry; hobble the mind of a fast learner and there is no protest. CLIFFORD M. TURNER

Porterville, Cali.

Jerseyites Beware!

Dear Sirs: The New Jersey Civil Defense people have announced that they are arming ther people to fight off the fleeing refugees from the city who seek shelter and aid in case of atomic attack. I have been authorized to inform you and your readers that many good citizens of Manhattan have joined to form a Committee for Self-Defense Through Russian Aid. It is our purpose to apply to the Soviet government for automatic weapons, small arms, obsolete tanks and the like, such equipment to be used by city dwellers five minutes after World War Three, so that they may shoot their way into the suburbs and shelters of New Jersey. JOHN WEISS

Recording Secretary
Committee for Self-Defense
Through Russian Aid

Bayville, N.Y. (Armageddon Branch)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

149 ●

ARTICLES

151 ● Hellbent for the Moon
by CARL DREHER

155 ● Student Leaders and Campus Apathy
by STEVEN ROBERTS and CAREY McWILLIAMS, Jr.

157 ● Welfare à la Newburgh
by WILLIAM B. ROLLINS and BERNARD LEFKOWITZ

160 ● Kennedy's Gamble on Latin America
by DAVID SMYTH

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

163 ● Myths About Mencken
by GUY JEAN FORGUE

165 ● The Disinherited
by HORACE GREGORY

166 ● Distinct and Rum
by DENISE LEVERTOV

167 ● Records
by LESTER TRIMBLE

168 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 168)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Sept. 16, 1961. Vol. 193, No. 8

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1961 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1961
VOLUME 193, No. 8

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Sledgehammer

Subtlety and the light touch are not among Mr. Khrushchev's endearing traits, but in kicking the informal nuclear-test ban into smithereens he outdid himself. The conclusion of the Hitler-Stalin pact was a gentlemanly procedure compared with it. The 1939 bombshell was a matter of considerably greater significance in itself, so it is not wise to push the comparison too far; but, within limits, the results have been similar. The Soviets have alienated even those who were willing to give them the benefit of the doubt, and have brought the world closer to a war which would be incalculably more destructive than that of 1939-45.

Just as there was some excuse in 1939, some excuses may be found now, but they are not very convincing. It is true that the Eisenhower administration stalled unconscionably on concluding a test-ban treaty, but there is neither equity nor expediency in heaping the Eisenhower sins on Mr. Kennedy's head. It is true that the French, our allies, did not observe the test ban. It is true that our testing has far exceeded, both in numbers and tonnage, that of the Soviets. But all these things are of the past. In the present, the Soviets unconscionably and violently broke an accord which had worked since its adoption and which contained at least an implied agreement to continue it as long as it did work. They not only broke it, but chose to do so without warning and by exploding the first bomb almost simultaneously with their announcement. They chose to apply terroristic tactics in diplomacy at a time when tensions were already high. It was a crime not only against their opponents, but against the nations which are not involved in the power and ideological struggles of the superpowers and their blocs.

Why did Khrushchev do it? M. S. Handler, in *The New York Times* of September 5, quotes "one of the best informed East European sources" to the effect that Khrushchev's hand was forced. "There is a process going on in the Soviet Union today that could create the conditions for the emergence of a military clique," says the unnamed source. Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), gives some support to this view in the September 3 *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "Pentagon and intelligence sources believe," writes Phillips, "that Khrushchev has been subjected to even greater pressures from the military and technical experts for a resumption of testing than has the Kennedy Government here." The United States, says Phillips, is able to obtain one kiloton of explosive yield, on the average, for two pounds of warhead weight; the Soviets are believed to require ten pounds weight for one kiloton weight. If the discrepancy is actually that great, it would suffice to explain the Soviet decision to resume testing, but it is certainly not a new development and does not explain the witless brutality and timing of the act.

There is another possibility which has not been discussed in the press either here or abroad. Khrushchev is the would-be parent of "complete and total disarmament," an aspiration in which he has received not the slightest encouragement from the United States, where disarmament on a significant scale encounters the most formidable political and economic obstacles. Beset by his own militarists (and those of the atom-hungry Chinese Reds), Khrushchev, a notably impetuous statesman, may have chosen this method of beating back his opponents at home, testing Western nerves, and terrorizing the uncommitted nations into giving him their support. If this is what he is up to, we can only hope that he has not miscalculated his risks. And in any case, whatever his motivations, there can be only detestation for his methods.

Now What?

At least momentarily, the Kennedy Administration shines morally by comparison with the Soviets, and politically by comparison with its Republican critics. The Republicans are always mouthing clichés about politics stopping at the water's edge, but when they sense some political advantage to be gained, they joyously wade in over their heads. The ministerial Senator Dirksen complains that the Administration never wins any but propaganda victories; apparently he would like Kennedy to present him with East Berlin, like the head of John the Baptist on a platter. More to the point —

SEP 14 '61

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and more in a spirit of fairness — was Representative Van Zandt's remark that Mr. Kennedy's test resumption was premature. Even from a purely propaganda standpoint, the contrast between the American and Soviet positions hardly had time to "soak in" before, under pressure from Senator Dodd, Edward Teller and others of the never-give-an-inch school, the President issued the order to emulate the Soviets (except that — for the present — we shall not be using the atmosphere).

But where does all this leave the President, the American people, the uncommitted nations and the helpless masses of vulnerable humanity all over the world? These pawns are not back where they were in 1958, for a test ban was achieved and the ground gained has now been lost; psychologically, at least, the situation is greatly worsened. And what is the next move in the game on which hundreds of millions of lives depend? The armies are facing each other across the boundary lines in Berlin, drawing they-shall-not-pass chalk lines on the pavements, squirting each other with water, and tossing tear-gas grenades. Negotiation is obviously called for, but then an even more acute question arises: what is there to negotiate?

Until the East Germans sealed off the border, Berlin was politically divided, but economically and functionally it was one city. The Russians could negotiate from the vantage point of a divided Germany — a division which the Allies had to all intents and purposes accepted — but Berlin was still whole. Now the Russians have the additional bargaining point of two Berlins as well as two Germanys. They will want something in return for putting Berlin together again. What can the Allies give? Assent to the Oder-Neisse line? The Soviet bloc has that, too. It is too late to bargain over Berlin. Eisenhower might have done so, and probably would have if the U-2 debacle had not intervened. But for Kennedy, there is hardly more room for negotiation than for a sardine to swim around in its can.

Berlin is the can. Berlin, however, is not the world. It may be that the Russian plunge into renewed nuclear testing, whether it was so intended or not, will give the adversaries room for maneuver and the trading which is imperative if the war tension is to be brought down. The situation has changed radically. Just as a certain number of Americans, previously indifferent to fallout shelters, are now considering building them, people all over the world now regard nuclear war as an imminent possibility. If the Allies will make some concessions on disarmament, such as bringing nuclear testing within the scope of general disarmament discussions, the Russians might feel able to make some concessions in Berlin. So doing, they could strike a humanitarian pose and recoup some of their propaganda losses. Broadening the negotiations is in the interest of all concerned, and that fact alone makes it an opportunity not to be missed.

Saved for a Season

That the Metropolitan Opera will play its 1961-62 season after all is good news. But next fall the crisis will recur, and when the Met moves to Lincoln Center in a few years, it will become still more acute. The problem is one which plagues every major cultural and humanitarian institution — hospitals and institutions of learning, just as much as the opera. In general, the more important an institution is from a cultural or humanitarian viewpoint, the less chance it has of paying its way. Consequently there is a constant tug of war between the people who work in the place (doctors, nurses, professors, musicians, domestics, janitors, etc.) and the people who must raise the money to keep it going.

In the case of the Met, the majority of orchestra members received the minimum scale, which brought them an income of about $7,500 a year. Many of them played elsewhere, but many had no other source of income. These are among the best musicians in the country, and the union rightly says that the job requires tremendous physical and mental effort. Since 1941, the union claims, the Met scale has gone up only 52 per cent, while the cost of living has risen 100 per cent. The musicians felt, in effect, that they were being forced to contribute to the support of the institution to a degree they could no longer afford.

But there is a case for the directors, too. Even with an orchestra scale much too low, ticket sales could not cover the cost of operation. The sustaining members have been contributing about $800,000 a year to the Met, and when Secretary Goldberg gets through arbitrating, the bite will probably be on them for a million. Time was when this was a luxury many wealthy people could easily afford. But today the multi-millionaire must live within his net income, which is a very different thing from his income before taxes. His financial troubles may be a good deal less grievous than those of the janitors and physicians, etc., but he views them subjectively rather than objectively.

It looks as if that dread specter, creeping socialism, may invade the cultural field, as well as education, medicine, and heaven knows what else. If so, the outlook is not too gloomy. In a good many countries cultural entertainment is government-subsidized, yet freedom is not extinguished, nor the quality of art diminished. Specters often look worse in long-shot than they are.

But Why the Color Guard?

President Kennedy and Senator Fulbright may be having some success in curbing military incursions into civilian politics in some parts of the United States, but Los Angeles is not one of them. Here the Southern California School of Anti-Communism put on a rousing five-day educational campaign to "wake up" America,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reminiscent of the *Deutschland Erwache!* rallies of Doctor Goebbels. The sessions were telecast by the *Los Angles Times's* KTTV and received as much coverage in the *Times* and Los Angeles *Mirror* as a two-inch rain or a Class X earthquake. Major Alexander P. de Seversky declared: "Barring instantaneous disintegration of the Soviet State from within, war is inevitable." Herbert Philbrick demanded a probe of efforts to muzzle the military. Ronald Reagan asserted that the trend to a welfare state and more centralized government is as dangerous as communism. W. Cleon Skousen, a former FBI agent and author of *The Naked Communist*, expressed fear that the Republic was in danger from Communist-inspired analytical psychiatry. Singer Pat Boone told the cheering audience: "I would rather see my four girls shot and die as little girls who have faith in God than to have them die some years later as godless, soulless Communists."

So far, so good; these were merely citizens exercising their Constitutional right of free speech. But there was still another staunch patriot, Rear Admiral Chester Ward, USN (Ret.), who urged that the United States "get rid of the architects of accommodation, the foreign policy advisers who give President Kennedy bad advice." Six advisers in particular Admiral Ward singled out as a "power elite that feels the United States should avoid war at all costs." Leader of the wicked group is stated to be George Kennan, U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia. Then come Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., Senator William Fulbright, and Drs. Walter Rostow, McGeorge Bundy and Jerome B. Wiesner. Admiral Ward emphasized that he did not suggest these men are Communists, but in his estimation, they and other policy makers had brought defeat to the defenders of freedom over the last fifteen years.

The Admiral was backed up in these pronunciamentos by a Marine color guard from the Terminal Island Naval base. The color guard had been approved, disapproved and finally approved in a correspondence chain which included Secretary of Defense McNamara who, the *Los Angeles Times* reveals, had once been in a choir in Michigan with Miss Lee Childs, chairman of one of the anti-Communist jamborees. Even in Los Angeles, it seems like an odd reason.

First Things First

In last week's Democratic primary, irate New Yorkers expressed their revulsion against the antique hacks who have "bossed" the city during the postwar years. Not only did Mayor Wagner soundly trounce the Tammany-backed candidate, but so-called "reform" candidates made a near-sweep of the other city offices, ousting Carmine De Sapio as District Leader in Greenwich Village and scoring heavily in other district leadership contests. It is surely not the fault of the voters that, in voting against the Tammany bosses, they had to vote for the fatuous Mayor Wagner, who was running against his own record. Significantly, two newcomers on the reform ticket, running for elective office for the first time—Paul Screvane for President of the City Council, and Abraham D. Beame for City Controller—ran stronger races than the Mayor. Indignant over "The Shame of New York," the voters seized the only club at hand and struck out at the old-line bosses; but it is ironic that, to do so, they had to mark ballots for the man who is in no small measure responsible for the city's shame. But, as always in American politics, first things first; the immediate task was to bring some new leadership into the Democratic Party in New York City and this the voters did.

HELLBENT FOR THE MOON . . *by Carl Dreher*

A GALLUP POLL earlier this year showed surprisingly little enthusiasm for President Kennedy's crash program to put an American on the moon. Fifty-eight per cent of those polled thought the money (then estimated at $40 billion) might be better spent on terrestrial improvements, if it was to be spent at all. There are, however, valid reasons for visiting the moon and perhaps colonizing it eventually. Lacking an atmosphere, the moon would be an astronomer's paradise, from which the universe could be viewed and photographed with a clarity and definition unattainable on earth. Study of the moon's surface and interior will throw light on the evolution of the earth and the solar system. Man's knowledge of the universe, in any enlightened view, is worth its cost.

Putting the case solely on a scientific basis is too phlegmatic, however. Harold C. Urey is right when he calls on us to "imagine the excitement of all people in our own country and everywhere else in the world on the day that men first step on the moon. The thrill that we knew when Amundsen reached the South Pole, Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, Hillary climbed Everest, will be insignificant in comparison." Every generation is entitled to its great collective adventure, and the moon objective will fill that need for the young men and women of the sixties and seventies. And though machines may, indeed must, precede men to probe and survey and measure, machines alone will

CARL DREHER, engineer turned writer, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not suffice if men are able to follow. The difference is that between admiring a woman's photograph and marrying her.

NOTE that Dr. Urey refers to "men," not "Americans"; nor did President Kennedy commit us to being the *first* on the moon. The chance of our being first is perhaps one in ten, an event that Enrico Fermi defined as a miracle. The principal reason, as everyone knows, is that the Soviets have larger boosters: booster thrust determines payload weight, and high payloads are required to send a vehicle to the moon. Neither the Soviets nor we have this capacity at present. Orbiting a one-man vehicle weighing 5.25 tons, like the two Soviet Vostoks, is a long way from putting a 50- or 100-ton multi-place vehicle in orbit, and from that it is a far cry to accelerating this heavy vehicle to escape velocity, guiding it to the moon, making a reasonably soft landing there, effecting a successful re-launch, and getting back to the earth in one piece.

But if the Soviets have problems, we, with only a brief sub-orbital flight of a 2-ton Mercury vehicle so far accomplished, have worse ones. The Redstone rocket with which we hoisted Shepard and Grissom has a thrust of about 78,000 pounds; Gagarin and Titov are believed to have been sent into orbit with a 1,200,000-pounds-thrust rocket. We have now done all we can with the old reliable Redstone and must get the Mercury capsule into orbit with an Atlas which has about 360,000 pounds thrust—still only a third of the Russians' current figure. Nor is the launch record of the Atlas particularly reassuring. In three Mercury-Atlas shots, one was successful, one Atlas blew up on the pad, and one had to be destroyed shortly after launch.

Our next rocket, the C-1 Saturn, is designed to produce 1,500,000 pounds thrust. It will soon undergo preliminary tests at Cape Canaveral, but it is not expected to fly operationally until 1964 and then only if the schedule doesn't slip, as schedules have a way of doing. In any case this Saturn will not be powerful enough to orbit the heavyweight three-man spacecraft, much less send it to the moon. Future American rockets, capable of so doing, are not yet past the study stage.

While our larger rockets are being designed, tested and built, the Russians will not be idle. In fact, some projections of their payloads and those planned by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), which is in charge of our lunar program, indicate that the booster gap may widen rather than narrow. The alternatives to heavy boosters, such as refueling or assembling and launching in space, are purely speculative.

OUR POSITION with regard to the compartment which will carry the crew is scarcely more satisfactory. Called Apollo by NASA, the three-man moon vehicle is in a state of flux, if not confusion. Three "feasibility study" contractors, Martin, General Electric and Convair, were assigned to work out tentative designs, while NASA itself drew up a fourth. Apparently the contractors' understanding was that Apollo would be required only to circumnavigate the moon, without landing on it. In May, President Kennedy added a moon-landing-and-return to the specifications. When the contractors submitted their designs in July, none included the return propulsion unit. NASA then disclosed new specifications at a "secret" meeting of 1,200 representatives of prospective Apollo contractors and subcontractors. The revised Apollo, according to reports, will weigh 50 to 75 tons at escape velocity, and require either a primary booster of at least 12 million pounds thrust, or some advanced technique in space which sounds rather improbable in the foreseeable state of the art. Obviously in spacecraft, as in propulsion equipment, much research and development lie ahead before Americans can land on the moon and return.

This by no means exhausts the difficulties of the project. The most precious resource of all mankind is air. When man goes into space, he goes where air is not, nor anything else to keep him alive. Everything to sustain life must be carried along or manufactured en route, and it all entails enormous penalties in fuel and propulsion requirements. A loaf of bread carried to the moon may be worth, simply in terms of transportation cost, some nine times its weight in gold. A man weighs about 150 times as much as a loaf of bread, and going and coming he will be eating food and drinking water, inhaling oxygen and exhaling water vapor and carbon dioxide, excreting wastes which must be reprocessed, and so on. The complex physiological factory which must accompany man everywhere in space is the "life support" system, a division of bioastronautics or bioengineering. Another division is bioinstrumentation — monitoring, from the ground, the astronauts' temperature, respiration rate, heart action, brain waves, cabin or space-suit air pressure, oxygen supply, reaction to confinement and weightlessness, radiation exposure, etc. Since the physicians, physiologists and psychologists can't go along, they must attend the astronauts from the earth. This is likewise complicated and expensive in terms of power, communications equipment and weight.

There are indications that we lag behind the Soviets in bioastronautics as well as in boosters. According to *Missiles and Rockets* (May 29, 1961, Heather M. David, "Life Scientists Demand High Priority — Soviets Went All Out"): "Man, most important aspect of man-in-space, may be getting short-changed by an inadequate, directionless support effort." A U.S. expert is quoted as saying, "There is no existing program in the United States that aims at solving the future problems of manned space flight." Reports a spokesman for the Garrett Corporation, whose people have special knowledge in this field: "Insufficient emphasis has so far been placed on the requirements of human occupancy for long-duration voyages." The head of the life-sciences engineering department of one of the largest space companies: "The lead times for life-support systems are much longer than for other systems and the present lack of effort is really going to hurt. . . . The amount of money budgeted for the life sciences does not reflect the stated objectives of the country." And the one scientist who was in a position to allow his name to be used, Dr. Robert S. Pogrund of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Air Force's Aerospace Corporation: "What is needed is an assignment of highest priority to the biomedical space effort. We need well-controlled and well-designed biomedical experiments that produce clear-cut, interpretable results. . . ."

According to this survey, the Soviets have done a better job. U.S. experts evaluating the results of the Gagarin flight were of the opinion that the Russians already had a regenerative oxygen system, while current Apollo designs still depend on stored oxygen. If the astronauts' reentry system failed, they might live without food for a week or so until atmospheric friction brought them down, but they would die in a few minutes without oxygen.

The Soviets are believed to have a workable space encephalograph for brain monitoring, a ballistocardiograph which, in addition to the usual functions, measures the strength of the heart's contractions and could give warning of weakening of an astronaut's circulatory system, and perhaps a blood-pressure sensor which does not hinder the wearer's movements.

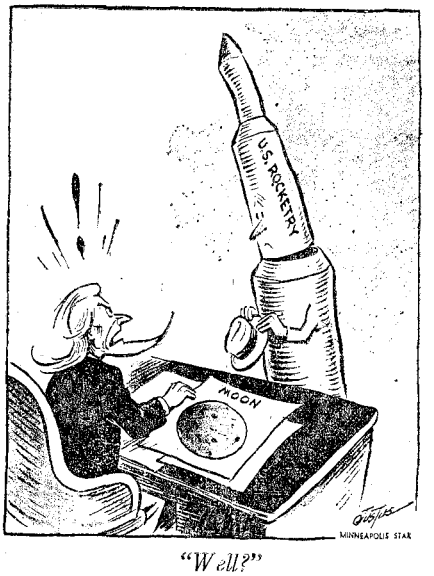
If this article is to be relied on — and there is much supporting evidence — the Soviets are ahead of us not only in getting men into space, but in keeping them alive and functioning while they are there.

SINCE the President considers it vital that Americans should stand on the moon before the decade is out and the project is laboring under such heavy handicaps, one would expect earnest soul-searching and the utmost in cooperation among the services, agencies and commercial organizations involved. But while the publicity machine blares forth that the country's survival is at stake, in all these quarters business appears to be going on as usual.

Under the ineluctable rules of the free-enterprise system, the corporations are compelled to give private profit first priority. At the "secret" Apollo conference there were complaints when some of the companies, which had been working on lunar systems partly or wholly at their own expense (whatever that may mean in an industry almost entirely financed from the public treasury), were asked by NASA to pool their know-how in the common effort to beat the Russians to the moon. "Once again," a trade-paper editorial writer commented, "proprietary rights were out of the window." He conceded only that the government has a right to data developed under programs which it has financed 100 per cent.

But the entire space industry is government-financed as far as income goes, and often government-capitalized as well. Government is its only customer and all its profits (and much of its know-how) are derived from government. This industry is nationalized as a whole and privately owned in its parts. Conceding that its managers cannot do otherwise than fight for the interests of their separate companies (except when they are organizing *sub rosa* cartels against the rigors of competition), the question still remains: can a system with such a contradiction at its core compete successfully, in such fields as space exploration, with one which is nationalized and coordinated throughout and — contrary to a widespread impression — does not lack internal technological competition?

The McClellan committee has exposed the exploitation of the space-and-missile effort by a section of organized labor, and *Reader's Digest* and other media have made sure that everyone knows about the "scandal of the missile program" and the electricians who have been averaging $510 a week. Less publicity is given to the workers on whom a 50-ton silo door accidentally falls; however, it is perfectly true that, as George Humphrey said of the American businessman, almost everybody in the free-enterprise society "believes in getting as much as he can while the getting is good." In general, the higher up they are, the more there is to get, but, at least in the areas where space activity is concentrated, everyone gets something. Much of this activity, unfortunately, does not bring us any closer to the moon.



"Well?"

The Congressional pork barrel has likewise rolled into space. NASA has been pleading for a $60 million "command center" and laboratory for Project Apollo. Not all members of Congress feel that NASA should be endowed with this facility, but almost every Congressman, and every governor, feels that if it is established, it should be in no other state than his own, and by all means in his own Congressional district. Perhaps the most ardent boosters are in Massachusetts, where Gov. John A. Volpe and Sen. Benjamin A. Smith (who succeeded to President Kennedy's seat in the Senate), the State Chamber of Commerce, a "Citizens' Committee" and various other forehanded organizations and individuals have been bombarding the President with appeals on behalf of the great and hungry Commonwealth.

EXCEPT when an employment and vote-getting facility is involved, NASA has few friends in Congress. A new agency, it cannot cope with long-established love affairs between devoted members of Congress and the Armed Services. The Air Force, in particular, feels that NASA has usurped a place in its own domain, which is conceived as extending to the boundaries of the universe — or to infinity, if the universe has no boundaries. When a Congressman speaks of "duplication and waste" between the military and civilian programs in space, you may be sure that he is pointing the finger at NASA.

A particularly sore spot at the moment is in bioastronautics. Representative Emilio Q. Daddario (D.,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conn.) warns that only a few hundred qualified researchers exist in this field and since many are already employed in military laboratories, NASA may "raid" these centers of the higher learning and "fritter away our resources and possibly cripple an existing effort of importance to our security." Representative Daddario wants NASA to be "enjoined" from further expansion of its life-sciences research program until a comprehensive national plan can be developed. A Presidential panel of experts is about to study the problem. The Air Force is hopeful that Representative Daddario's recommendations will be embodied in the panel's report and that a joint military organization (predominantly Air Force) will be designed to handle all civilian as well as military bioastronautic needs. For its part, NASA feels that the services are too hardware- and mission-oriented to solve its problems.

By and large, the Air Force seems to regard NASA as a greater threat than the Russians. The reasoning runs somewhat as follows. The Soviets are bent on seizing control of space. The Vostoks are forerunners of military spacecraft which will be maneuverable and armed with space-to-space, space-to-air, space-to-surface and anti-missile missiles. A civilian agency like NASA is not sufficiently mission-minded to understand this. Since maneuverability entails weight penalties, NASA's Mercury, for example, has no maneuverability and Apollo, as now projected, will have very little. The Air Force, on the other hand, has in the research and development stage an aerospace glider, Dyna-Soar, designed to ricochet between the upper atmosphere and the vacuum of space. Dyna-Soar is ultimately to become a weapons system. If the Air Force had a pair of kidneys, it would gladly give one of them to orbit its embryonic space fighter before NASA can orbit Apollo.

In the higher reaches, where slugging might attract Presidential attention, the rivalrous contention between the Air Force and NASA is covered with an appearance of patriotic harmony and a proliferation of liaison committees. When NASA asked recently that the Air Force's Aerospace Corporation accept a $900,000 study contract in connection with the Nova booster, top Air Force officials assented. At the "working level," according to *Aviation Week* (August 14, 1961), Air Force spacemen "consider it a sell-out and have said so."

THESE eager-beavers and empire-builders not only make the achievement of President Kennedy's goal less likely, but their zeal can have even more serious results. Aside from the money cost of space exploration, we must also reckon with the cost in human lives. When we build a great bridge or skyscraper, we know that despite all precautions, workers will be killed in the course of construction. In the race to the moon fewer men are involved, but the risks are greater. The astronauts will need all the help they can get from the groundlings. The latter's profit and service loyalties should be subdued in the interest of those who go up and may never come back.

It is bad form to mention it, but Captain Grissom narrowly escaped drowning at the end of his July 22 flight. Grissom is no channel swimmer, but when his escape hatch blew out prematurely he managed to dive against the force of the water pouring in and to stay afloat. But then his space suit started to fill through a port he had left open, and he could just as well have followed his capsule into 3,000 fathoms of water. It is rightly said that if anything can go wrong, it will.

Grissom's flight was a 16-minute, 300-mile hop. On a moon journey, a thousand things can go wrong and a lot of them are fatal. If the spacecraft is successfully launched and all the engines fire and burn out on the second, if the speed (about 36,000 feet per second) is accurate to 75 feet per second (for lunar circumnavigation and return to earth a final accuracy of *one* foot per second is said to be required) and the flight path is accurate, or correctible in flight, to 0.5 degree of arc (but 0.001 degree for circumnavigation and return), and if the life-maintenance power systems continue to provide power and all the bioengineering and communications systems work, and if there is no serious malfunction in the psychosomatic sensory and motor systems of the crew members—if all this and much more goes precisely according to plan within the spacecraft, then it is headed for the moon and the astronauts are ready to brave the external perils of the journey.

Dolce et decorum est pro patria mori. But is it a privilege to die for a Congressman, whether one's own or another? *The New York Times* (August 19, 1961) referred to a "demand" by Overton Brooks (D., La.), chairman of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, that NASA orbit a man by November of this year. It is possible that Mr. Brooks knows the situation as well as, or better than, the NASA officials and engineers, but he should be sure before he puts the screws on them. If the astronaut is lost in what is essentially a prestige race, it will have an effect opposite to that intended.

AS DR. UREY pointed out, the moon venture is the most exciting technological project that the human race has ever essayed. It should be pursued, on the American side, with all deliberate speed and the prudence properly associated with any great undertaking. Whether we get to the moon first or second, we will certainly have a valuable contribution to make.

Cooperative space exploration may seem out of the question at the moment, but the success of the International Geophysical Year shows that it is not debarred for all time. The competitive exploration of the solar system will tax the resources of the wealthiest nations and exert severe pressure on the living standards of economically disadvantaged individuals in those countries and the inhabitants of underdeveloped countries. The only possibility of a world-wide upsurge in living standards, including cultural standards, lies in the control of population increase, the internationalization of space exploration, general disarmament, and the withering away of the elaborate disarmament-surveillance apparatus which at first would be necessary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Space is significant only in relation to the earth, which is and will remain our home. Major Titov confessed to some homesickness, though he was away from earth only 25 hours and never more than 160 miles distant. We cannot, even if we would, shed the genes and environmental heritage of a million years. We cannot exchange our life on this green planet for an airless, dangerous and expensive environment. If a thousand men reach the moon and the nearer planets in the remainder of this century, it will be a remarkable enough achievement. Yet for every space traveler there will still be three million who will stay where they were born. If we keep our sense of proportion and recognize that the joys and agonies of humanity will still be of this earth, the achievements of the space explorers will not be the less glorious.

STUDENT LEADERS and CAMPUS APATHY

by Steven Roberts and Carey McWilliams, Jr.

Madison, Wis.

MONTHS before the annual Congress of the United States National Student Association began here August 20, journals eager to foster the supposed rise of collegiate conservatism carried dire threats that 1961 was the year of reckoning for the liberal leadership of the nation-wide confederation of student governments. The stories warned that "busloads" of disciples of a prominent Arizona merchant would descend upon the Congress at the University of Wisconsin, and establish the rise of the youthful right-wing as a political reality.

Representatives of Young Americans for Freedom, the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, and a brand-new front group called the Committee for a Responsible National Student Organization, arrived here early and set up shop in a motel near the campus. Their numbers did not fill a bus. In fact, they could fit quite easily in a Cadillac, with enough room in the trunk for a mimeograph machine, several prints of *Operation Abolition* and a complete file of back issues of the *National Review*.

The youthful conservatives, and especially the Young Americans for Freedom, are a group almost devoid of articulate spokesmen in their collegiate ranks. YAF, which claims a membership of 30,000, was born out of a conference on the Sharon, Connecticut, estate of Bill Buckley, and still receives a good deal of its nourishment, both financial and philosophical, from him. If it is a significant movement, and that is still a debatable question, it is a movement almost wholly directed from above. Even its membership rolls seem to have been fattened by judicious reporting in some of the more widely read weekly news magazines. As one critic of YAF put it, "They built their organization out of press clippings, and now are trying to fill it with people." But if they have to leave the public defense of their cause to such venerable young Americans as Buckley and M. Stanton Evans, editor of the Indianapolis *News*, the young conservatives are masters at the fine art of issuing press releases. The barrage of paper they unleashed on the Congress from the very start hammered at one theme—that NSA is not representative of the American student, and cannot presume to speak as his voice.

Only 388 of more than 2,000 institutions of higher learning in the country are NSA members, so their argument went; few delegates (usually about 500 attend the annual ten-day meetings on a Midwest campus) are chosen in college-wide elections, the rest being selected by the student government. This is true, and nobody really disputes it. NSA is a confederation of student governments, not individual students; the figure of 1.3 million student members usually given by NSA apologists is specious. That number of students attend schools belonging to NSA, but a majority of them have no idea what the organization is, and probably could not care less. The people who come to the Congresses, where NSA policy is formed, are not representatives of their student bodies, nor are the five national officers and about ten staff men who "execute" policy from a rickety four-story building in Philadelphia.

The reason for all this is simple. Galloping apathy still dominates most American college students.

NSA IS NOT typical. It is an elite of interested students, awakening to a world they did not make, but a world they want to change. This has not always been so. For most of its fourteen-year history, NSA devoted itself to the issues which concerned its member student governments: college parking, home-coming dances, women's hours, etc. It did so largely from necessity, because its claims to legitimacy rested on these student governments, which had virtually complete freedom to withdraw their colleges from NSA when dissatisfied with its policies. Contemporary collegiate student governments are, to put it mildly, a poor vehicle for transmitting political awareness. They reflect the desire of the college administrator to "avoid difficulties" at all costs by eliminating the student from all areas of controversy which might "reflect on the university."

There is a close interaction between student government under these conditions and student apathy. The banality of student politics repels the student; the absence of student criticism and interest leaves student governments in the hands of those who find playtime bureaucracy and hom-

STEVEN ROBERTS is an editor of the Harvard Crimson; *CAREY McWILLIAMS, Jr., teaches government at Oberlin College.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iletics about alma mater to be congenial pursuits.

It was these governments that sent delegates to the NSA Congress; and the delegates annually rose in revolt against whatever broader policies had been pursued by national officers, threatening to withdraw or to form rival associations. Under such circumstances, even the most far-sighted national officer was likely to develop an ethic of cautious prudence and "responsibility." This led to endless compromises, and a pandering to the uninspired interests of campus political regimes.

The top staff of NSA realized that it was not truly representative. Consequently, it tried even harder to please, and largely submerged any trace of boldness or imagination it had in the silence of the times—a silence punctuated only occasionally by a boisterous football cheer or a shrill female scream.

THE LAST two years have seen an already much-discussed "awakening" of the silent generation. The sit-ins in the South, sympathy pickets and selective buying in the North, protests against the House Committee on Un-American Activities and compulsory ROTC, the campaign for repeal of the loyalty oath and disclaimer affidavit in the National Defense Education Act, and enthusiastic support for the Peace Corps all came in a rush.

There was definitely a stirring, a reawakened interest. In addition to the protest, a rash of campus political parties such as VOICE at Michigan, SLATE at California, and PILOT at Chicago sprang up. So did a number of new magazines devoted to political thought, such as *Albatross* at Swarthmore, *Advance* at Harvard, and *New University Thought* at Chicago.

NSA mirrored the change, but not because it had become representative of the American student (the large majority of American students remains unaware and unconcerned). There was, however, a growing interest among the leaders who actually *are* NSA and form its policy at the annual Congress. For the first time, the association took stands on such issues as the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Peace Corps, Algeria, Cuba and nuclear testing.

The stimulation of the unique student protests aroused NSA to take positive stands on important questions, but in doing so it was acting not as the National Student Association, but as a conscious group of student leaders, far removed from the sentiments of their campuses and constituency. The value to those who have participated has been immense, but they are few. NSA has almost completely failed to transport the initial enthusiasm of the "movement" back to the campus, largely because of the understandable concern of idealists for the moral content of issues rather than the structure of social and educational power or the day-to-day realities of student life.

THIS IS where NSA stood as the fourteenth National Student Congress began here. The difference this year was the conservative "challenge," which forced NSA leaders to take a long look at the association.

YAF leaders like "Howie" Phillips of Harvard (scholastically ineligible for delegate status) preached that the liberal NSA was not representative, and should be reformed. The conservatives would like to change the structure so that more "indifferents," responsive to conservative influence, would come to the Congresses.

But structural issues aside, the rightist groups were almost wholly devoid of the ability to articulate their "resurgent ideology." The expected intellectual offensive of the Right materialized only in the person of William F. Buckley, who spoke outside the official program of the Congress at the motel headquarters of his minions and attracted practically all the delegates. Emotion ran high in the crowd, packed tightly into a parking lot. On one hand was a hostile silence, on the other, an almost frenzied enthusiasm. The formal speech passed with little controversy, but the questioning period was different. Time and again Buckley parried questions with rhetorical ripostes, and the crowd grew restive. In answer to a question about colonialism from a Ceylonese exchange student, Buckley asked if he could quote Jefferson, Washington and other Founding Fathers with "Mobutu, Lumumba, Kasavubu, and the other semi-savages in the Congo." It was a fatal concession to flippancy, and his value to the right-wing cause was destroyed in the ensuing chorus of jeers and hisses. National Affairs Vice President Jenking typified the sentiment of the crowd when he said in an impromptu speech, "We have unmasked the final reality that exists behind the façade of the conservative image."

Though their prophet had fallen, the conservatives did mount an attack on a resolution advocating abolition of the HUAC. Basing their position on the argument that abolition would be directly against the Supreme Court majority and the 412 Congressmen who had recently supported the committee, the conservatives appealed to the moderate bloc of delegates. They said that such a vote would be "irresponsible" and might jeopardize all NSA influence, and tried to substitute a resolution that strongly condemned HUAC but stopped just short of calling for abolition. They appealed, in other words, to precisely those values of bureaucratic caution which had characterized the prior history of NSA.

THE CHALLENGE forced a novel degree of courage and clarity upon the liberal wing of NSA. With emotion and sincerity, Ken Cloke of the University of California asked, in the words of Justice Black, for "the courage to be free." Barney Frank of Harvard lashed out in hard pragmatic terms against those lacking the courage to pursue their ideals of academic freedom in the face of such opposition as Congress and the Court. The resolution calling for abolition carried 236 to 216.

The debate proved that NSA vitally needs a vocal opposition, and will suffer if the conservative withdrawal threatened by Fulton "Buddy" Lewis III ever materializes.

But conservative criticism of structure, while failing in its objectives, produced the most significant changes in the traditional outlook of NSA. Outgoing President Richard Rettig

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said in his report to the National Executive Committee, "The gap that exists between the local campus activity and the activity of NSA has widened because of the expressed concern by the Association with the new developments on the domestic scene and the continuing commitments of the Association on the international scene, and the neglect in relating these events with clarity to the local campus. Many campuses feel alienated and distant and unrelated to the activity of the Association." The new officers of the Association are about evenly divided between the moderate and more extreme liberal factions, but the tone for the administration was set by President Ed Garvey, a former student-body president at the University of Wisconsin.

While recognizing that "NSA must continue to respond to the sit-ins and HUAC," he emphasized the need for bringing the experience of a Congress — the deliberations and, most important, the defense of an ideal in the face of strong opposition — to all students. This can only be done, he said, "by structuring the Congress so that delegates won't leave and forget what has happened, but will go back to their campuses, fight for the stands they have taken, and translate policy into specific programs."

Symbolic of NSA's renewed interest in educational problems was a resolution condemning the theory of *in loco parentis* as restrictive to the full intellectual and social growth of the student. This doctrine, which gives the college legal authority to act as a "parent," forces the student into a dependent relationship with the school, rather than the beneficial mutual give and take of an intellectual community.

NSA, after years of frustration, has finally emerged as a voice, if not of the American student, then of the American student leader. The question is now whether it can translate the enthusiasm of a few into a device for awakening the still "silent" American college community.

WELFARE à la NEWBURGH

by William B. Rollins and Bernard Lefkowitz

ON JULY 10, *The Wall Street Journal* said in an editorial:

> It's a fine commentary on public morality in this country when a local community's effort to correct flagrant welfare abuses is declared illegal under both state and federal law. That is exactly where the matter rests in the case of Newburgh. The small New York city has announced a 13-point program to reduce the burden caused by its bums, cheats and loafers, many of whom came to the town and remained for the deliberate purpose of living on relief—which is to say, on the hard-earned tax money of honest residents.

On the same day, a motorist was told by Thomas Chalmers, gas-station attendant at the Newburgh city line: "You know, there's a sign in a railroad station in Durham, North Carolina, or Montgomery, Alabama, that says, 'Come to Newburgh and live off relief. You'll never have to work again.' That Mr. Mitchell's a brilliant man. He's going to make them take that sign down."

No doubt Mr. Chalmers is telling his customers the same thing today.

Far down Newburgh's main street, Joseph McDowell Mitchell, City Manager, leads a welfare reform movement before the television cameras: "The bleeding hearts and welfarists are enraged. . . . They apparently will go to any lengths to prevent Newburgh from joining the growing number of communities which have already taken steps to tighten relief operations." And in a nearby office, Newburgh Mayor William D. Ryan tells whoever will listen, "This man Mitchell has fooled us all."

Joseph McDowell Mitchell has always managed to stay one step ahead of the cynics during his relatively brief career as a city administrator. The balding, thirty-nine-year-old City Manager, who had held six "hateful"—his term—minor federal jobs in ten years, plunged into the maelstrom of municipal government about five years ago. The city manager profession hardly felt the shock, but in his first two municipal jobs, Mitchell managed to shatter the calm of Marple Township, Pa., and Culver City, Calif. in rapid succession. It took Mitchell's bosses in Culver City, where he had served as Assistant City Manager, only a year to get rid of him (his job was abolished). They were slower in Marple. There, the Board of Supervisors waited two years before pressures gathered sufficient to force Mitchell to resign as township manager. Both communities are still feeling the after-effects of his administration.

THE TAXPAYERS of Culver City may remember Mitchell for a fanciful garbage pick-up proposal which he insisted would cost the community only $2 per day per truck ("Why, $2 wouldn't pay for the gas for one truck," commented a Culver City newspaper editor). But his colleagues on the municipal payroll are inclined to remember him more for his political belligerence. Mitchell eschewed the anonymity that is the trademark of the professional city manager. He was brought to Culver City by its then manager, Dean Seeger, who found the young man in an American University classroom. Seeger now says the disenchantment with Mitchell began four months after his arrival. "Our relationship started to deteriorate very rapidly," Seeger said. "Joe was more interested in political power than anything else.

WILLIAM B. ROLLINS and BERNARD LEFKOWITZ are on the staff of the Middletown Times Herald-Record.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was a very adept political infighter. There were charges that he tried to swing the 1958 elections in his direction so he could get my job." In February, 1958, the City Council and Seeger fired Mitchell and eliminated his post.

The reaction to him seems to have been similar in Marple Township. "He played one man against the other," former Marple Supervisor William P. Davies said recently. "He tried to create discord. I wanted to get rid of him three months after he came here." Davies and Roy S. Benjamin, another member of the Marple Board of Supervisors, say Mitchell's resignation as township manager was a "matter of necessity." "He was looking for the man who could give him the strongest support," Davies said. "He just picked the wrong man."

THIS last exit under fire was a year ago. Now Mitchell is a man of national prominence, the leader of a cause. If they could pay his price, would his former employers rehire Mitchell? "No, I don't think I'd rehire him." says Dean Seeger. "He was too preoccupied with politics to be a successful city manager." Davies, in Marple Township, feels the same way. "Joe always had bigger plans than Marple. I don't think we want him here."

Mayor William D. Ryan of Newburgh, sole high Democratic official in that dominantly Republican town, wishes he could turn the clock back. Ryan was a member of the city administration that voted for Mitchell's appointment in October, 1960. "That's the kind of mistake a man is entitled to once in a lifetime," the Mayor said. "Mitchell never told us about his background in Pennsylvania or Culver City. If I had known about that, I would have done everything I could to stop his selection. When I talk to Mitchell, I get the feeling that he's staring at the horizon. I don't feel that he's looking at Newburgh."

Mitchell may not be looking beyond Newburgh now, but he was looking at the city with a keen eye that brisk, gray morning in October when he and City Councilman George F. McKneally, the brother of Martin B. McKneally, past National Commander of the American Legion, walked through the mushrooming riverside slums of the Hudson Valley community. There are a number of versions of how Joe Mitchell was chosen for his present post. They all emphasize the importance of Councilman McKneally, a man who had previously — and unsuccessfully — proposed the use of police dogs to patrol the Negro section of Newburgh, a man who thus described the welfare issue: "When you come right down to it, [it's] a Negro problem."

The City Council was divided between those who wanted a native son as city manager and the McKneally bloc, which wanted something else. A former Orange County judge tells this story:

"I've heard that somewhere along the American Legion circuit, Martin McKneally met Mitchell. Martin and his brother George got together, and when there was an opening in October, Mitchell was the man they wanted. A couple of Councilmen were opposed to him. But McKneally hammered away at them. Finally, they agreed to accept an outsider. What they didn't know was that Mitchell had been brought to Newburgh by a special group."

There is some evidence that Mitchell was aware of his *raison d'être* in Newburgh. Roy S. Benjamin in Marple recalls that three days after his arrival in Newburgh, Mitchell wrote to him: "We've got to do something about welfare here. And I intend to do it."

BUT welfare was not Newburgh's only problem. Once prosperous Water Street, on the city's waterfront, has lost $2.3 million in market value in the last three years. The city's multi-million-dollar urban-renewal plan has bogged down in condemnation proceedings and relocation problems involving race discrimination. For nearly forty years, blight has been spreading across the city into once-fashionable sections. Low-standard housing and rent gouging are abundant. Industries pay closer to 75 cents an hour than $1.50 an hour. A planned parenthood group is banned from meeting in a city-owned apartment building in the slum area. One of Newburgh's worst fires ravaged the waterfront area in 1927, yet fire hazards still abound there. Welfare case workers complain that plumbing and health violations are ignored by the administration. Newburgh was chosen the all-American city eight years ago; today, a Negro teen-ager looks around at streets strewn with broken bottles, garbage and weeds, and says, "When's Mr. Mitchell going to clean all this up? When's he going to make some of these streets into play streets?"

These were the problems Mitchell inherited. He chose welfare as the problem to be attacked.

It was during one of Newburgh's most severe winters that Mitchell went to work on welfare. He tried to meet a $30,000 snow-removal debt by transferring funds from the Welfare Department. He attempted to reduce the 68 cents-a-day welfare allotment for food, but backed down when faced with the opposition of Clifford P. Tallcott, area director of the New York State Department of Social Welfare. This was Mitchell's first reversal in Newburgh — a harbinger of many more to come.

The snows had melted when, on May 1, Mitchell decided to do something dramatic. He ordered a muster of 300 welfare recipients. Some were infirm, some were aged, some were pregnant women, some were infants; none, it turned out, were frauds. The welfare line-up took place, as all Newburgh line-ups do, in the city police station. It started early, at about 9 A.M. The welfare claimants lined up against the wall or sat on the floor. Most had walked from their homes; a few had taken Newburgh's bouncing buses. There were those who, police officers said, arrived in Cadillacs. "Sure they arrived in Cadillacs," says Ann F. Power, a medical case worker in Newburgh's Welfare Department. "They were brought to the police station by members of the Girls Service League and the Newburgh Junior League. They wouldn't let older welfare people walk through the city exposed to ridicule."

Mayor Ryan, Mitchell's unrelenting opponent, reconstructs the scene at the police station this way:

"I have never seen a more dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gusting spectacle in my life. It was a scene of utter confusion. Mothers with their children all around them crying and shouting. Policemen were trying to line the people up, but it was hopeless. Two elderly women on crutches begged me to stop it. I confronted the City Manager and asked him what was going on. 'This is nothing more than a routine audit,' he said. 'We're just trying to weed out the chiselers.' I ordered Mitchell to stop. 'I'll stop,' he said, 'when I'm finished.' "

The highly publicized muster, Mitchell admits today, uncovered no chiselers. Two months after the muster, Mitchell still maintained it had been necessary. "If nothing else, it scared the daylights out of them," he said. "This was a routine governmental exercise. I intend to hold one whenever necessary."

WITH the city facing a tax increase of from $6 to $11 per assessed thousand, Mitchell seized upon welfare as the scapegoat. The local newspaper, the *Evening News*, and the national press generally — with certain exceptions—served as Mitchell's sounding board. The American public is always ready to believe that most welfare recipients are chiselers. Mitchell threw out figures to support his stand. Five per cent of Newburgh's population is on welfare, Mitchell said, and this 5 per cent is costing the city one-third of its budget. Early in his career, he had told a Newburgh service club that the underlying cause of Newburgh's welfare problem was an influx of migrants from North Carolina to New York ("In this case, they're Negroes . . . so what?" he subsequently told a national television audience).

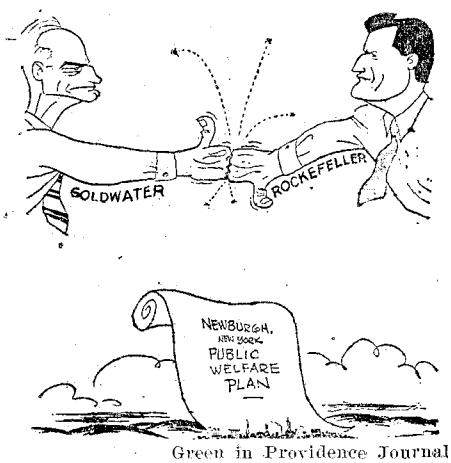
The real facts emerged more slowly. The State Department of Social Welfare said Newburgh had spent only $205 on migrants in 1960. (The percentage of Negroes on relief in Newburgh is disproportionately high in relation to their slice of the total population, as it is in about every city; even so, Negroes comprise only about 40 per cent of the city's welfare case load.) A five-member team of state investigators found that 2.9 per cent of the city's population was on relief, not 5 per cent as Mitchell had claimed.

Mitchell has always credited a theatre manager, an accountant and a physician — all local citizens — with gathering the facts and writing the "Citizens Report on Welfare" upon which he based his now famous thirteen-point welfare program. The chief provisions of the code (which went into effect on July 15):

¶Unwed mothers having additional illegitimate children will be denied relief.

¶Vouchers for rent, food, clothing and the like will be substituted for cash.

¶No person — except the blind,



Green in Providence Journal

"Prelude to '64?"

aged and disabled — shall receive aid for more than three months.

¶The allotment for any one family shall not exceed the take-home pay of the lowest paid city employee with a family of comparable size.

¶All applicants for relief who are new to the city must show that they had come with a concrete offer of employment similar to that required of foreign immigrants.

¶All able-bodied male recipients shall work a forty-hour week.

At a dramatic news conference held before his code went into effect, Mitchell released figures to show that it was already a success. There had been an "unprecedented decrease," he said, in the number of aid-to-dependent-children cases in June — a drop of twenty-nine cases during the month. A week later, Mitchell admitted that he had erroneously juxtaposed monthly and daily totals; the decrease was only six cases, he said. Later, he upped the figure to eleven. At the start of the welfare battle, Mitchell had predicted a welfare deficit of more than $56,000, necessitating a tax rise of $7 per $1,000 of assessed valuation.

Mitchell said the code was designed to stop these spiraling welfare costs. But the state Bureau of Research and Statistics said that the state's 55 per cent share of Newburgh's welfare costs had increased only $10,388 from 1955 to 1960. Newburgh, Mitchell said dramatically, had 106 cases under home relief in January and twenty-six cases in June, a decline of 75 per cent. This was supposed to prove the effectiveness of his welfare "clean up." But all of Orange County, in which Newburgh is located, had 212 cases under home relief in January and seventy-four in June, a decline of 138 cases or 65 per cent, according to H. Earl Osborn, County Welfare Commissioner.

FOR EVERY set of figures Mitchell used to highlight his daily press conferences, state and private organizations presented equally impressive counter-statistics. Among the local organizations that have been challenging Mitchell are the NAACP, the Ministerial Association and the Catholic Charities. Nearly all of the case workers in the city Welfare Department also stand in opposition— as did the city's Welfare Commissioner, John J. O'Donnell, who was brazen enough to declare the thirteen-point code illegal. Branded a "turncoat" by Mitchell, O'Donnell was forced to resign, and his place was taken by Peter Z. Petrillo, Jr., a physical education teacher without welfare experience. Other Mitchell appointees include a part-time dog catcher and a former town constable.

Mitchell admits that he has been unable to carry out a program of "thought control" — his own phrase — among the Welfare Department case workers. These veteran employees would retire, he said, and be replaced with new people who are in "philosophical harmony" with him. The new workers would not need college degrees, he said; college products are "brain-washed social beatniks."

Shortly afterward, the City Man-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ager put into operation his announced intention to photograph almost all recipients of relief. He also circulated a "loyalty and secrecy" oath among Welfare Department workers, binding them to refrain from talking to the press without prior authorization from Petrillo (so far, six employees have refused to sign the oath, despite the threat of dismissal hanging over them).

Backed into a corner by dissident welfare workers and angry state officials, but still commanding the support of most Newburgh residents, Mitchell, on July 15, coolly faced the cameras and said his code was in effect. After an intensive, much-publicized search for a "chiseler" on the welfare roles, one man was picked out — an iron-worker. Was he a shiftless Negro migrant, the Mitchell stereotype? He turned out to be white, the father of five children under nine, with a pregnant wife in the emergency room of St. Luke's Hospital in Newburgh with pneumonia. This man had been searching vainly for a job for months.

Was the extent of Newburgh's welfare problem one unemployed iron-worker? The fruitless search continued. But the hunt was interrupted when Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz obtained a Supreme Court order asking the city to show why the code should not be eliminated. Mitchell was not disturbed. Entering the court, he told newsmen that the thirteen points were just the beginning — other, more important reforms were yet to come. He did not say, at the time, what they were.

But subsequently, in a speech at Greenfield, Mass., Mitchell set forth proposals for sweeping changes in national and state welfare laws, including abolition of the New York State Board of Welfare and transfer of all state welfare expenditures to the New York State Bureau of Audit and Control.

Mr. Mitchell's fervent welfare reformism has not gone unnoticed by some of his important fellow Republicans in New York. State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, GOP candidate for mayor of New York City, has called for municipal work programs for able-bodied relief recipients; and Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller has appointed a panel to study the state's welfare operations.

MEANWHILE, inside the courthouse, Justice John P. Donohoe asked Henry Hirschberg, Mitchell's special counsel, "Why aren't the existing tools — the Penal Code, the state and federal social welfare laws — sufficient? What is the reason for this law? Why can't you work with the existing tools?" Such questions were asked in Culver City and Marple Township. There, Mitchell did not have an answer, and had to move to his next job. In Newburgh, Mitchell didn't seem to have the answer either. Judge Donohoe found the bulk of the Mitchell program illegal, and the case is on appeal.

Kennedy's Gamble on Latin America . . *by David Smyth*

Buenos Aires

LAST MONTH the delegates of nineteen Latin American countries, hopefully lining up behind President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress, signed the Punta del Este Charter. And as the delegates left for home with the President's pledge of $20 billion in aid in their bags, they may well have reflected that, after long years of indifference, the United States had at last been jolted by Fidel Castro into putting Latin American welfare on roughly the same financial level as shooting a man to the moon. But they also had reason to worry whether the Alliance for Progress would pay off before other Fidels rose in one country after another to cut, by violent revolution, the Gordian knot of Latin America's chronic poverty and misery.

DAVID SMYTH, an Argentine journalist, has written extensively on the economies and politics of Latin America.

In all its stark brutality, the problem facing Latin America looks deceptively simple. The continent is not only miserably poor, it seems destined to get steadily poorer. Now holding 200 million people (roughly the same population as the United States and Canada combined), at the present rate of increase Latin America should have 300 million people by 1975 and double that by the end of the century. But while the population jumps upward 2.8 per cent yearly, gross production per capita barely kept pace with a 2.7 per cent yearly increase through 1945-55, a figure which dropped to 1.2 per cent annually in 1955-59. The Economic Commission for Latin America estimates that by 1975 Latin America's fixed investment needs will amount to $31.5 billion. In the period 1954-56, they only amounted to $8.6 billion. The demand for goods should top $6.5 billion yearly by 1975—production now is a bare $240 million worth per year. With population far outstripping the growth of capital and production, there can be only one result—deep and prolonged misery not only for the present generation, but also for the extra 100 million people to be fed, clothed and housed in Latin America in fifteen years' time and the 400 million within the next forty years.

The Castro view of this calamitous prospect is that Latin America has to dismantle its whole rickety structure and start all over again from the foundations. The view now adopted by the United States in the Alliance for Progress is that the structure can be underpinned with foreign aid while the Latin American governments shore it up with deep-cutting series of reforms. The question for the rest of Latin America is: Which course is likely to win?

THEIR sorry plight is by no means entirely the Latin American nations' own fault. The terms of trade have been tilting steadily against them in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

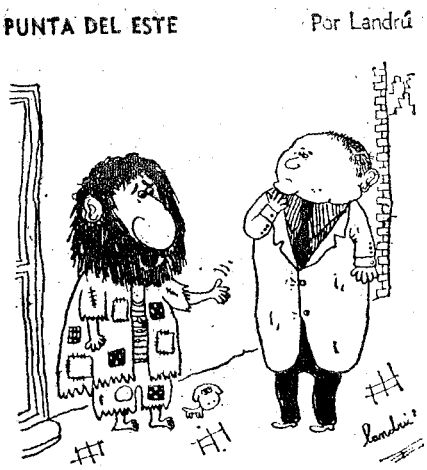
recent years, and their combined dollar earnings have dwindled from $4.3 billion in 1951 to only $3.3 billion in 1959. Already struggling against adverse conditions on world markets, they are now facing the added threat of growing protectionism from the European Common Market (E.C.M.). Their one-crop economies (all but three or four of the twenty republics depend on one or two commodities for the bulk of their export earnings) make them desperately vulnerable to fluctuations in the price of coffee, copper or sugar on world markets. A slump in the world oil market can result in riots in Venezuela and falling tin quotations may spell revolution in Bolivia.

With a chilly sense of exclusion as the rest of the world clubs together in ever larger regional groupings, the Latin American nations are clinging more closely to one another. A forlorn little group of four Central American republics, and a bigger club of six South American lands plus Mexico, are huddling uncertainly together in two brand-new free-trade areas.

This cannot be expected to solve anything for many years to come. Their economies traditionally geared to mesh with Europe, the United States and the outside world, the Latin American nations have a negligible trade with one another, and would require a revolution in transport, finance and production facilities to achieve any significant alteration in the economic pattern built up over the last 150 years.

MEANWHILE, the barriers Europe and the United States have built up around their frontiers are formidable enough to stultify any foreign aid they may grant Latin America. How, for instance, can Latin America be expected to buy the urgently needed capital equipment and manufactured goods from the E.C.M. if its farm produce is shut out in the interests of the sheltered European farmer? The United States is now calling on Western Europe to bear its share of foreign aid, but if trade barriers were cleared instead, much of that aid would not be needed. Latin Amercia would have a better chance to pay its own way.

The illogic of doling out aid with one hand and strangling trade with the other is particularly evident in the relations between Argentina and the United States. Argentines are angered by the U.S. refusal to relax restrictions on Argentine meat imports. They are dismayed by the dumping of U.S. farm surpluses on giveaway terms in such traditional Argentine markets as Brazil, Bolivia and Peru. A recent Argentine mission to Washington came back with $200 million in development loans, but still no concessions allowing a solution for Argentina's whopping $300 million trading deficit with the United States. Suppose those aid millions succeed in raising Argentina's meat and grain production: then precisely how is the resulting surplus going to be disposed of? Aid under these conditions could simply make things worse, not better.



El Mundo (Buenos Aires)

"You may be right in everything you say, Mr. Dillon. But I'm not a delegate and all I asked you for is 50c."

The Punta del Este agreement is none too explicit on how it proposes to deal with these external difficulties facing the Latin American countries. Each of the signatory countries agrees to work together with the United States to diversify its unbalanced one-crop economy. Meanwhile all will take part in "cooperative programs to avoid the damaging effects of world price fluctuations for their primary exports." By March next year, a committee of experts is to report on ways of setting up a stabilization fund for export earnings and other possible measures. The signatories will also "try to end preferential agreements and other measures limiting world consumption of Latin American primary products and their access to world markets, particularly in the countries now in process of economic integration in Western Europe," and they will put pressure on international bodies to achieve the same end.

Altogether it does not add up to a particularly revolutionary set of measures, and it remains to be seen if anything comes of what so far looks mainly like a hopeful statement of principles and aspirations. If the non-Communist nations of Europe and North America will not open their doors a little wider to Latin American trade, there are always markets to explore in the Soviet bloc, Red China and the Far East.

THESE external difficulties having been dismissed in half a dozen paragraphs of the 8,000-word Punta del Este Charter, two main themes take up the bulk of the text: (a) a pledge of internal reforms and self-help programs from Latin America, backed up by (b) $20 billion in foreign aid from the United States and other sources over the next decade. The signatory governments state their intention to strengthen democratic institutions, step up economic and social progress, tackle large-scale housing and public health programs, get land reform going, improve labor conditions, wipe out illiteracy, reform their anachronistic taxation systems, maintain a sound money policy, stimulate private enterprise, integrate economically with the rest of Latin America and generally do their best to stand on their own feet. Uncle Sam will back their efforts with hard cash, and "independent experts will be available to help them draw up their national development programs."

In other words, if there is to be no revolutionary change in external circumstances, Uncle Sam at least wants some far-reaching internal changes in Latin America to insure that the Alliance for Progress billions really do have a chance of effecting a peaceful revolution south of the Rio Grande.

The internal problems of Latin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America are certainly grim enough. Forty per cent of the population over fifteen is illiterate, and 45 per cent of the children under fourteen are receiving no schooling. Infant mortality is 117 per 1,000 live births, compared with 27 per 1,000 in North America. Latin America's average yearly income per capita is less than one-sixth of the U.S. level and one-third of Europe's. Forty per cent of the urban dwellers live in shanty town slums, have no supply of drinking water, and it takes the average workman eight years' pay to buy himself a decent home.

Faced with such hopeless prospects, the masses could scarcely be blamed if they should turn in desperation to whoever promised them better living standards by whatever means, without any overdue concern for such extra frills as political liberties. The odds seem to be heavily in favor of Latin America's Castros.

BUT WHEN one considers the Latin American nations separately, the very term Latin America at once becomes a ludicrous oversimplification. Socially, racially, politically, economically—whichever way you look at it—most of these countries have practically nothing in common with one another.

Brazil's population of 67 million is spread wafer-thin over a sub-continent the size of the U.S. minus Alaska but plus an extra Texas; El Salvador's 2.5 million people are jam-packed up in the slopes of volcanoes in an area not much bigger than Maryland; overpopulation is the problem round the Caribbean, underpopulation in South America's wide-open *pampas*, *sertoes* and *llanos*. A single big U.S. corporation could dominate the economy of any of the little Central American republics; in Brazil it would simply be one more in the crowd, toning up the local competition.

Seventy per cent of Guatemala's people are pure-blooded Indians; practically all of Haiti's population is Negro or negroid; and Uruguay, with hardly any Negroes and no Indians at all, is a whiter country than the United States. Adult illiteracy in Guatemala (70.6 per cent) and Haiti (89.5 per cent) is a major problem; in Uruguay (15 per cent), it is practically solved.

Paraguay has been dominated by strong-arm rulers almost without interruption for the last 150 years. Uruguay has had only one brief mildly dictatorial regime in this century.

In Chile, huge feudal landholdings and miserably subdivided little handkerchief-sized farms exist side by side as a hindrance to optimum farm production for an undernourished population. But the sort of land reform that would make economic sense in the narrow central valley of Chile would be simply ludicrous on the broad and well-fed *pampas* of Argentina, which turn out huge surpluses of beef and wheat.

In both Bolivia and Peru more than half the population are pure-blooded Indians. But in Peru the literacy voting qualification still keeps power mainly in the hands of the whites (12 per cent) and mestizos (33 per cent), while Bolivia is in the throes of a full-scale nine-year-old social revolution. Millions of illiterate Bolivian Indians have the vote, thousands of small-holders have split up the estate of 600 landowners who controlled half of Bolivia among them, and the revolutionary government has gained a firm grip on the economy by running the expropriated tin mines.

Evidently the odds in favor of a full-scale social revolution on the Castro pattern, or a limited economic revolution on the Kennedy Alliance for Progress pattern, fluctuate wildly all the way from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

BOTH SIDES have their weak spots in their bid for the allegiance of Latin America. The Castro regime alienated many Latin Americans by summarily shooting hundreds of its opponents, refusing to hold free elections, acting like Caribbean pirates in holding the Bay of Pigs invaders up for ransom, insulting other Latin American governments (to the extent that the Cuban Foreign Minister once called Frondizi of Argentina "a viscous concretion of human excrescences") and lining up with what nationalists consider an equally virulent imperialist power to the United States—the Soviet Union.

Predictably, the main flaw in Kennedy's Alliance for Progress program is the doubtful willingness of the dominant groups in each of the Latin American countries to tackle the wide diversity of internal reforms required in each country. Even where thoroughgoing reforms really are tackled wholesale, things may be expected to get worse before they get better in many lands.

When Bolivia made the drastic and no doubt necessary decision to incorporate its Indians into the nation as full members of society, it took over the tin mines and expropriated land wholesale. Tin production — Bolivia's practically only source of foreign exchange — was halved as a result, and farm output dwindled as each Indian farmer turned out the bare amount of food needed for his own spare subsistence. The upheaval was nearly as drastic as Castro's in Cuba, but the United States decided to back it. After pouring $175 million in aid and farm surpluses into Bolivia and paying for one-third of the national budget in some years, the United States has on its hands a country still shaky from its drastic social operation, racked with internal dissensions and on the verge of economic collapse.

WHETHER they are tackled by Fidel Castro or by John Fitzgerald Kennedy, there is no magic wand which can wave away the hodge-podge of troubles Latin America has been piling up over the last 469 years since Columbus sighted Guanahani. But now that the United States has committed itself to find in foreign aid an amount which over the next ten years will double the entire total $9 billion currently invested by U.S. private enterprise in Latin America, one little step seems worth taking. The State Department might detail one man to work full-time on each of the Latin American countries.

The Alliance for Progress could be sadly bungled by an attitude which lumps all of Latin Ameirca into one consolidated headache. It is more like a series of different headaches. And by no means the least of them are Latin America's external difficulties with the rest of the non-Communist world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Myths About Mencken

Guy Jean Forgue

The author of this essay is a native of France who has been teaching at Yale University. Mr. Forgue is the editor of the current Letters of H. L. Mencken *(Knopf), a selection from the vast Mencken correspondence of letters addressed to literary figures or dealing with literary matters.*

IT MAY already be too late to expect ever to read the real story about H. L. Mencken. A decade ago there appeared gushing, uncritical tributes that were sometimes misguided and seldom convincing. When he died, five years later, the public was offered what purported to be reminiscences about him, but were in fact belated expressions of private grudges prudently suppressed while he was alive. Against unintelligence and ill will, a dwindling number of honest people who knew him well could still rise effectively to speak the truth; but they seem to be stayed by a sort of discouragement: it is notorious that myths die hard, and that fiction has more glamour than truth.

There is something baffling in the fact that Mencken, who was not a secretive man, and certainly did not live in an ivory tower, should remain to this day a kind of mystery, while his personality becomes every year further involved in myths. His basic ideas fare no better. They apparently fail to reach a public too easily led astray by the memorable, but often untypical, statements with which Mencken, as he put it, would "stir up the animals" and "startle the booboisie." Some people seem to read him mostly to confirm their prejudices or for the chance to vent a salutary anger over this or that passage that conflicts with their sensibilities. Actually, for all the vaunted clarity of his style, Mencken cared little about being properly understood; if his readers got him wrong, that was another proof of the imbecility of the masses. He lent a hand to confusion whenever he could by launching hoaxes and fanciful reports that were gravely swallowed, greatly to his merriment. At the outset of his journalistic career, for instance, he passed off as his own portrait a scowling caricature of an old man (probably a touched-up likeness of Ibsen, then his god). Nobody came forward to question its authenticity, whereas it is probable that if he had shown a real photograph of himself, a youthful, innocent-looking newspaper man, the public might have suspected a joke.

As a matter of fact, there existed an irreconcilable discrepancy between Mencken's style and his personality. The man, as those who were intimate with him can testify, was eminently sociable, kindly, gentlemanly, generous and earnest, if at times wrong-headed in his convictions. But his manner of writing — explosive, filled with exaggerations and jocosities, somehow aiming at the midriff more than the intellect — suggested ribaldry, unfairness and, on occasion, cruelty. The contradiction between the personality and its expression was matched by more contradictions within the work itself. If Mencken had a sound and, in the main, consistent, body of ideas, he would nevertheless have agreed with Emerson that "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

A WRITER as versatile as Mencken cannot be filed away under one label. For some, he represented one of the forces that shaped the American renaissance of the twenties; for others, he was almost a Philistine. He has been described in turn (or simultaneously, for his detractors are even less concerned with consistency than he was) as a liberal, an anarchist and a reactionary. Some see in him an atheist; others, a Christian. He has been denounced as a foe of America and as a rabid nationalist; taken for a pacifist, or a warmonger; an optimist, or a pessimist; a first-rate intellect, or a low buffoon. Some praised him as an extreme libertarian, while some recalled his admiration for the government of Frederick the Great. Was he a city slicker, they asked, or a small-town platitudinarian? Should we hail him as belonging to the *avant-garde* in letters, or damn him as a traditionalist? Did he really side with uncouth naturalists, or rather with vapid aesthetes? The list grows tedious enough, and yet this is but a very narrow sampling of the current mythology about H. L. Mencken. Such legends are comparatively harmless in that they usually cancel one another, even though they leave no tangible Mencken when the smoke is gone. The same cannot be said of two unpleasant charges that are sometimes made against him: that he was pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic.

Much has been written about Mencken's Germanophilia, and with good reason: indeed, he never attempted to conceal it. His Teutonic origins were well known, as was his partiality for certain German, or rather Bavarian, ways of life. Everyone knows that he loved beer and *gemütlichkeit,* that he revered the German universities and the *fin-de-siècle* literature that his early master Percival Pollard had revealed to him. His study and advocacy of Nietzsche's philosophy are also well remembered. But other things, too, must be kept in mind when speaking of Mencken's love for things German: that, prior to the tragedy of the *Lusitania,* this attitude was shared by countless Americans of German or Irish extraction; and that the Germany dear to Mencken was not the militarist, imperialistic country ruled by the Kaiser and inspired by misconstrued views of Nietzsche, but an almost legendary land seen through the rosy mist of a glamorous past and made the more enchanting by the pathos of distance and unreality. The several short trips Mencken took to Germany did nothing to destroy this idealized vision, because they were more in the nature of pilgrimages than social or political investigations. Mencken was essentially a tourist bent on having a good time, as is evidenced in the report to which he contributed in 1915 under the title *Europe after 8:15.*

SENTIMENT played a large part in Mencken's attitude, as it did with many another "hyphenate." So did his deep-grounded dislike of the English. He was tired of their sneers, their patronizing of America; he was afflicted by the spectacle of a native American literature still largely fawning to third-rate English "geniuses" instead of asserting itself proudly at home. An isolationist at heart, Mencken wanted the United States to keep away from the brawl and remain strictly neutral. In a letter written on August 30, 1918 to his friend F. H. Garrison, he made his stand unmistakable. [See: *Letters of H. L. Mencken.* Alfred A. Knopf; p. 128.]

Against the charge of "divided allegiance," he argued pointedly that he had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing to gain from a German victory, for he had not a relative, not a friend living there. It was true that he had loudly protested against the gradual commitment of America to the British cause, and that he thought unfairness to Germany dishonorable and dangerous for his country. But, he emphasized, once the hour of choice had come, he had bowed docilely to the decision of the majority and was heard no more. When a friend of his indulged in a stupid provocation of the police, Mencken broke off with him forever; and when the violently pro-German New York *Evening Mail* invited his contributions, all he agreed to write was a series of innocent pieces devoid of political implications. To put it briefly, Mencken spoke up for Germany as long as he could be pro-German without being anti-American; the moment that became impossible, he muffled his convictions and rallied his country. Nevertheless, at a time when having a German name meant an invitation to trouble, Mencken continued to be duly watched by the police, while one patriotic-minded citizen denounced him as "a friend of Nitzky, the German monster" (Nietzsche, then dead seventeen years!).

DURING the post-depression years, Mencken's attitude to Germany was much more reserved and noncommittal. His delight in things German had somewhat abated, even though he could never be persuaded to get on the bandwagon of the anti-Germans. More than ever before, he remained the strict isolationist who saw nothing but trouble in store for his country if it meddled with other nations' business. Such interference would mean another war, with its attending pageant of lies, dishonor, spy scares, profiteering, Liberty-Bond swindlings and patriotic cant *ad nauseam*. That Mencken ever was pro-Nazi is a malicious libel, wholly unsupported by the known facts; plenty of evidence to the contrary will be found both in his public and private writings. [*Letters*: pp. 376, 392, 403, etc.]

Still, it is true that he was more preoccupied with, and certainly better informed about, the national scene, Prohibition and the New Deal, than he was about the sinister goings-on across the Atlantic. The rumors from Germany he believed exaggerated. In his eyes, Hitler was a lowdown scoundrel, a buffoon whose days were numbered, a Brechtian Arturo Ui who would be overthrown the minute Germany woke up. In this juncture, Mencken underestimated the cowardice and stupidity of men — perhaps for the first time in his career. He did not join the anti-Nazi campaign because to him the question had too little importance. It has been said that Mencken's interest in political decency stopped at the Rhine; it would be truer to say that it stopped at the boundaries of the United States. As Maxwell Geismar has rightly pointed out in his book, *Last of the Provincials*, this was both the glory and the weakness of Mencken. If it makes him a provincial writer (but so are, in a sense, Faulkner, Farrell and many others), it does not make him a Nazi.

When in 1933 Mencken was asked to join a local association known as *Friends of Germany* he curtly declined the dubious honor on the grounds that the Germans were politically hopeless. But this is not saying that he condoned America's attitude. He still enjoyed twisting the British lion's tail on occasion; and now there was his overt hostility to F.D.R. and to whatever smacked of socialism. In his attitude to communism he was twenty years ahead of his times — a dangerous position, that of prophet. After Pearl Harbor, Mencken turned completely away from the political scene to start writing his memoirs and to complete his *American Language*, begun under exactly the same circumstances almost a quarter century earlier. But if he failed to realize, or care about, the acuteness of the danger in the thirties, it must be said for him that he refused to hold in abeyance his former ideals of nonintervention and free expression for all — including the Nazi agitators. In brief, he remained faithful to his ideals long after they had ceased to be politically opportune. It took bravery and daring in those days.

THE unsavory myth of Mencken's anti-Semitism, when it was not a conscious and deliberate libel, was born of an assumed connection with the unfounded accusation of pro-Nazism. It was usually supported by "evidence" taken from inside jokes culled here and there in his writings — and really designed to tease his friends. Actually, Mencken was so thick with Jewish people that he was often taken for one of them and even listed in the Jewish *Who's Who*. That listing has a sequel in this translation of a short notice printed in the French monarchist periodical (happily now extinct) *L'Action Française*:

> . . . *The American Mercury*, a review of criticism edited by the Jew Mencken, is one of the most lively, colorful and typically American periodicals, as well as one of the most influential on public opinion in the States.

Even those who launched the myth of Mencken's anti-Semitism, realizing how fantastic it would appear, had to tone it down somewhat and imply that nothing in print really supported it; it was, they argued, a subtle, elusive, evanescent thing, a sin of omission rather than commission. Mencken, they went on, paid less attention to the rights of the Jewish minority in Europe than he did to those of other groups in America — hence he was against the Jews. The obvious answer to this is that Mencken was in no way concerned with *all* minorities, and least of all if they lived outside America. He had not taken it upon himself to defend everybody, everywhere and at all times. Moreover, Mencken was unlikely to step into an arena where the job of protesting was already being done. Most of his fighting, he did alone, or almost alone; he was a champion of lost causes, with a partiality for American causes involving the right of free speech. *"The American Mercury,"* he proclaimed, "is first and last American." As a writer, Mencken had a right to choose his topics; it was not incumbent upon him to grant equal time to everybody. Other promoters of the alleged anti-Semitism of Mencken have resorted to counting the sayings on the Jews in Mencken's Dictionary of Quotations and matching them against those of other religions; by the same method one could "prove" that he esteemed Woodrow Wilson above J. S. Bach!

Mencken once said that he did not understand how anybody could ever be anti-Semitic, which is supported by scores of letters he wrote, notably one he sent to a friend on April 30, 1931 [*Letters*: pp. 328/9] to warn him very sharply against characterizing the Jews with hasty generalizations based on a few unpleasant specimens. What Mencken did not like were the "professional" Jews: those devoid of humor or common sense, and possessed of a persecution complex shrill enough to turn public opinion against them.

Of a piece with the charge of anti-Semitism is the accusation that Mencken was hostile to Negroes. It may seem even stranger to many, but it has been made (in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for March 13, 1959) and cannot simply be laughed away. The myth probably sprouted when Mencken opposed suppression of the Amos 'n' Andy radio show on the ground that it would be a violation of the right of free speech. It is true that Mencken would sometimes affect to treat colored peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple humorously; but then he gave the same treatment to everybody else. Mencken, who had lived in a colored section of Baltimore all his life and knew Negro folk at first hand, believed that they were now secure enough to "face a reasonable ridicule without terror." On the other hand, whenever they were wrongly treated, he would rush to their defense. When in 1931 he denounced the Maryland Eastern Shore lynchers he came near to being tarred and feathered himself. Mencken's campaigns against the Klan are too well known to be recalled here, as is his constant advocacy and support of the aspiring or confirmed Negro authors he published in the *Mercury*: George S. Schuyler, James M. Johnson, Langston Hughes, Walter White and Countée Cullen (a senior at New York University when one of his poems appeared in the magazine). This aspect of Mencken's editorship has been popularized by Carl Van Vechten in his novel *Nigger Heaven*.

THAT such gross misrepresentations could have been made and believed shows that it is hard to talk sense about Mencken. For many people, the only comfortable way of living with his memory is to lie about him. As he himself said: "The human mind always tries to expunge the intolerable from memory, just as it tries to conceal it while current." While a majority of people claimed to find his ideas entertaining, at bottom they felt them to be unacceptable. This is even truer today in a country more than ever before beset by narcissism and conformity. Mencken fitted into his era as snugly as a square peg into a round hole. He found Americans barbarous, stupid, Philistine, dishonorable and generally inferior to the citizens of many other countries, partly because of the democratic and Christian ideals which they professed to follow.

When he considered humanity at large, Mencken thought that men were born superior or inferior; if an individual was congenitally intelligent, he ought to enjoy every privilege in society; if he was a moron, he should enjoy none. Mankind comprised a multitude of unintelligent, uneducable, beastlike yahoos, and it was the duty of the small elite, who could place honor, freedom, truth and beauty above all the rest, to keep the intellectually underprivileged in their downtrodden state. This vision of the world is far from exhilarating. Unable to bear the idea that they probably fall short of the virtues required of the elite, most people start lying to themselves and to each other about Mencken's thoughts. Thus are myths born, as tropisms from the unbearable.

What can be done against them? Probably not much, for prejudices are easier to create than to eradicate. The soundest attitude may be after all to say that those legends are a good thing in a way, since by their diversity and their persistence they testify to Mencken's influence and universality. He was a force, and forces cannot be pinned down to be dissected; the proof of their existence lies in the reactions they arouse. Mencken has now become a symbol, a name bandied back and forth like a weapon. It may be better so. Most major writers survive as individuals mainly by the stories that their successors make up about them. They thus become legendary figures whose personal influence transcends by far their real personality. Seeing the posterity of their works, they too might exclaim: *"Das habe Ich nicht gewolt!"* Mencken may stand in their company; when people cease talking nonsense about him, that day Mencken will really be gone. In the meantime, he is still with us, even though many who find his posthumous presence uncomfortable may regret it.

The Disinherited

LAFCADIO HEARN. By Elizabeth Stevenson. The Macmillian Co. 362 pp. $6.95.

Horace Gregory

THOUGH he carried a British passport, spoke English with a trace of Dublin accent and learned the trade of journalism in Cincinnati, Ohio, Lafcadio Hearn died a subject of the Emperor of Japan. He seemed to come out of nowhere, first moving westward, then south as far as New Orleans, then farther westward to the Orient. He became an almost fabulous creature, a disinherited citizen of the world. In fact he was born in 1850 on the Greek island of Leucadia (the origin of his second Christian name; the first was Patrick) of a Greek mother and an Anglo-Irish staff surgeon of the British Army. Neither the Greek wife, nor the small dark Greek-looking Lafcadio was a welcome addition to the Hearn family circle in Dublin. As "foreigners" they were scarcely tolerated, and "foreigners" they remained even to Staff Surgeon Hearn, who had sent wife and child to be billeted with relatives while he served in the West Indies. In 1853 the staff surgeon took six months' leave in Dublin: the Greek wife and child were further estranged; the wife returned to Greece; the child was given over to the care of his Dublin aunts and uncles—to one aunt in particular, the elderly and whimsical Aunt Sarah, who had shocked her Protestant brothers and sisters by joining the Roman Catholic Church, and then proceeded to shock them further by taking Lafcadio under her protection with the promise of making him her heir. The impulse to whimsicality probably accounts for her later irresponsible treatment of the boy. After sending him to the Institution Ecclesiastique near Rouen (where he learned facility in reading French), and to St. Cuthbert's in the north of England (where he had the sight of his left eye struck out in a boyish game), his Aunt Sarah, acting under the advice of another young man who had actually become her heir, shipped the nineteen-year-old Lafcadio off penniless to look for work in the streets of Cincinnati. Hearn's disinheritance was nearly complete, and to this was added the disfigurement caused by a sightless eye.

Of course he was "maladjusted," but no more so than the wandering Greek heroes of ancient legends. Nor does he show less strength of character and pride than other literary figures of Anglo-Irish heritage. At first hand he knew the situation of the homeless and unwanted, and in the nineteenth-century sprawling city of Cincinnati, with its Negro slums, its packing-houses, its waterfronts, its stockyards, the underside of "making money," of prosperity, opened before him in a blood-streaked wilderness. From printer's errand boy to proofreader, from writing commercial notes to book reviewer, and from there to becoming Cincinnati's "sensational reporter" were the lines of Hearn's progress in journalism. Cincinnati's public library had become his university, and from that source he continued a passionate pilgrimage through French romantic literature. Since Hearn (for good reasons) had no respect for middle-class conventions, he probably followed Baudelaire's example in living with a faithless Negro girl—an action which gave his employers a faked aura of tolerance in hiring him at all. Their

HORACE GREGORY is a poet, critic and biographer. His most recent book is The World of James McNeill Whistler (*Thomas Nelson & Sons*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actual motives were not obscure: his sensational reports of Cincinnati's underworld increased the circulation of whatever paper held him on its staff; his "maladjustment," his domestic unhappiness, his devotion to writing, insured long office hours. He was always the hardest working member of the staff. Hearn was notably unshrewd—he did not live on his wits; he lived on visions generated by his imagination and embodied in the hell on earth he saw in Cincinnati.

The nature of Hearn's disinheritance, his love of the remote and the exotic, his unworldliness, his flaws in perspective, his lack of vulgarity, the very complex of his insights and emotions suggest strong likenesses to Poe's personality and writings. Hearn himself recognized that likeness and signed letters to his friends with a drawing of "The Raven." Above the deeper reaches of his doubts and faiths, which extended from Roman Catholicism to the rites of ancient Shinto temples in Japan, he accepted what he called "this oceanic philosophy" of Herbert Spencer. It is small wonder that he found lack of understanding among cheerful, materialistic Americans, who were always willing to be entertained by his exotic and sensational writings, but whose generous impulses were seemingly careless and extremely short-lived.

HEARN left Cincinnati for Creole New Orleans and in that more cultivated Southern city discovered a new coast of Bohemia. There he met George Washington Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, and through their appreciation of his impressionistic writings, his name was linked with theirs. His readings in French placed him within easy reach of Creole dialects. In this environment, his gifts seemed less shocking and odd than extraordinary and superlative. As a writer of "promise," he was in demand; his industry was tireless; New York editors commissioned him to do translations from the French as well as dramatic, fashionably sentimental, "local-color" sketches of Creole life. With this advantage, another writer might have become half-cynical and commercially successful, a "spoiled poet" of purple phrases and faked emotions—but not Hearn. His early novel, *Chita,* inspired by a visit to Grand Isle in the Gulf of Mexico, brilliant as it is in evoking the presence of the sea, held underlying themes of terror and loss. (In rereading it, one thinks of the "Voyages" poems, written nearly a half century later by Hart Crane.) However far he traveled toward formal serenity and peace—even to Japan—terror and loss were at the heart of everything important Hearn had to say. His inner seriousness was something that could not be sold in the cheerful, open markets of American journalism.

On his visits to New York, his editors, expecting to meet a furious "Raven," saw instead a painfully myopic, neatly dressed, shy little Anglo-Irishman, who if invited to their homes for dinner—to the anger of their wives—would stay a month. His pride was insurmountable, yet no one could be more alarmingly dependent. It was from New York by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway that Hearn's friends shipped him to Japan—where he reached the last stages of his Odyssey, and where his prose achieved a final economy in phrasing and refinement.

IN the books and articles of his closing years, Hearn became the modest interpreter of Japan to the Western world. In his university lectures, he gave his Japanese students glimpses of English literature. A thoughtful and devoted Japanese wife (his Penelope) gave him domestic security and three children who admired him—yet it was only by living with great care (his wife took charge of household expenses) that his small earnings kept a roof over their heads. During the last ten years of his life in Japan his anxieties were unrelaxed—what of the futures of his wife and children? In 1904, he died "with his boots on," writing more than ever, heroic as ever.

Miss Stevenson has written a beautifully tempered, painstaking biography. Well aware that he was a minor writer, with full knowledge that even in Japan his stature has diminished, she deserves admiration for a book that will probably be the definitive biography of this extraordinary Greek-Anglo-Irish-Japanese. Why isn't he widely read today? Of course many of his studies of Japan are outmoded; the Japan he saw was passing and he knew it. But what of his famous style? It had become overrefined. An excess of "good taste" produces weak art. The best of Hearn is in his brief flashes of violence: in the stockyard horrors of Cincinnati that Miss Stevenson quotes; in passages of *Chita;* in "A Japanese Fairy Tale," which during the 1930s T. S. Eliot reprinted in *The Criterion.* All these insights concern the loss of human identity—of a human face lost beyond recall or salvation. With all his gifts for re-creation of fragile, austere, ghostly beauties of Japan, Hearn actually speaks for the disinherited of earth.

Distinct and Rum

APPEARANCES: Fables and Drawings. By Russell Edson. Thing Press (Distributed by Phoenix Bookshop, 18 Cornelia St., New York 14, N.Y.). 32 pp. $1.10.

Denise Levertov

THERE occurred some months ago one of those small, unheralded and uncelebrated events that are essential to the life of the arts. Russell Edson, a young man living in Stamford, Connecticut, printed on a hand press a small collection of his own writings and drawings.

These writings are all short pieces, some of which I would call prose poems and some prose anecdotes. The quality of their language is at once highly idiosyncratic and utterly American. There are resemblances: to the Sandburg of *Rootabaga Stories,* to the best (that is, the funniest) of Kenneth Patchen. But Sandburg was writing for his children, mostly, and *Appearances* is most certainly not for children (though my twelve-year-old son is wild about it). Sandburg, too, always had misty prairies of potato-blossom-wishes to slip off into, a gentle resource unknown in Edson's world; while Patchen, in those works to which I feel Edson's have a relation, is more discursive, more fanciful, less to the point.

Edson is frequently extremely comic:

> . . . A cow is eating a child. No, a child is passing behind a cow. One can see. One looks. Yet one can not see what is behind the door.
>
> I believe a cow is eating a child. No, a child is passing behind a cow.
>
> . . . Do my binoculars entitle me to know something?
>
> . . .Is that cow eating a child?
>
> Now I see a child walking out of a cow's behind. . . .

But his comedy — I deliberately don't say his *humor,* because that would suggest a certain complacency he is devoid of — is not random, like much of Patchen's; it is a manifestation of deeply serious reflections. He is creatively obsessed by the essential aloneness of things, by their failures of communication, by the solitude of the inanimate before the animate, of a child before his parents, of man before woman, of the eye before the world of appearance.

Within the entity of his book of

DENISE LEVERTOV'S most recent collections of verse are Overland to the Islands (*Jargon*) *and* With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads (*New Directions*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fables (for so he designates them) he can pass without loss of grace from the hilarious to the wistful.

> Dog, love me, a man said to a dog. A dog said nothing.
>
> But a piece of glass when properly with the sun glittered into his eye — I hear you, said the man.
>
> But a leaf wristing on its stem because the wind wanted to go someplace, turned the man to itself — So you are saying such and such, he said.
>
> He noticed wrinkles on his shoe — Muscle stretch which is what a smile is; my shoe is smiling at me. Shoe, I love you, love me. But his shoe merely walked on, his head hovering above it. . . .

His mode—his syntax and its rhythms —is detached, oblique, austere; in these qualities it has its peculiar force. I use the word *peculiar* here with a relish for its double sense; it is a word admirably appropriate to Edson, whose work is both distinct and rum.

The illustrations are neat, obsessively patterned, unfashionable and an integral part of the book.

Here we have a real original; not a "great writer," certainly, but a *fine* one in the sense that a needle is fine: a small, indispensable, precision tool.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

AMONG the numerous functions of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, their sponsoring of recordings of works by composers who have been given monetary awards and citations from the Academy must be considered immensely important. Since the series was begun, in 1956, at least a dozen composers — some of them previously unrecorded — have had their works presented to the record-buying public (which is, potentially, the largest American audience for music). The latest release on a Composers Recordings, Inc. disk (CRI-138) features works by Milton Babbitt (*Composition for Four Instruments: 1948; Composition for Viola and Piano: 1950*) with music by John Bavicchi (*Trio No. 4, Op. 33; Short Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord, Op. 39*).

Babbitt, Professor of Music at Princeton University and a member of the Committee of Direction of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, is one of the most forceful proponents of the 12-tone movement in this country. If I correctly interpret the jacket notes for this recording, he is also one of those 12-tone composers who believe in the total serialization of all ingredients of music: dynamics, pitch, rhythm, timbre, phrase rhythm, etc. The *Composition for Four Instruments* was the first work Babbitt composed after what he calls a "long, enforced 'vacation' from musical composition, occasioned by World War II." It is a severe work, absolutely and uncompromisingly committed to its rationale and making no attempt to charm or wheedle its way into a listener's heart. It is etched for the most part in solo lines, which pass from instrument to instrument in short, jagged gestures that have a generally pointillist juxtaposition to one another. The score is probably sprinkled with *forte* and *piano* signs applied to single notes, for dynamic changes from tone to tone — and even in the midst of short gestures — are plainly discernible to the ear.

Whether the *Composition for Four Instruments* functions in an expressive sense, or whether it was intended to, I am not sure. In an odd way, the work maintains distance from its auditor, going about its business with assurance and highly organized efficiency, but with little impulse to project dramatically or to approach the auditor. It is just there, like the mountain. It is entirely up to the listener to penetrate the linear textures with his own intelligence.

Of his *Composition for Viola and Piano*, Babbitt states that it "usually has been regarded as a more 'accessible' work than that for four instruments, probably because the rhythmic materials make for a more easily comprehended rhythmic continuity on the surface." It is, indeed, a more accessible piece, though I suspect what makes it so is its richer harmonic language rather than its rhythmic materials.

The performers in the *Composition for Four Instruments* are John Wummer, flute; Peter Marsh, violin; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; and Donald McCall, cello. Walter Trampler, violist, and Alvin Bauman, pianist, are the performers in the *Composition for Viola and Piano*.

MUSIC by John Bavicchi, a thirty-nine-year-old Boston composer, occupies the opposite side of this CRI disk. David Glazer, clarinetist; Matthew Raimondi, violinist; and Assunta Dell'Aquila, harpist, are heard in the *Trio No. 4, Op. 33*. The *Short Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord, Op. 39*, is played by Robert Brink, violinist, and Daniel Pinkham, harpsichordist.

Judging by the quality of these works and by their opus numbers — impressively high for so young a composer — I would guess that Mr. Bavicchi writes too fast and with too mild a sense of self-criticism. His writing is smooth, but a bit facile, like that of a gifted student who has learned all the standard Bartok-Hindemith techniques and is in a hurry to create a body of music.

RCA Victor has brought out three

A NATION OF SHEEP
The new best seller by William J. Lederer
$3.95 NORTON

WRITERS!
WRITERS: FREE sample copy of Pink Sheets listing top-notch markets of U. S. A. available to you upon request. Write Today!
Literary Agent Mead, Dept. 112
915 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS?
Tired of understocked bookshops, uninformed clerks? Our new catalogs, prepared by experts, make book selection easy. More than 60 pages, 500 books, fully described, grouped by age and interest. Ages 2-15. New books, old favorites. Send 20c today.
MAGIC CARPET BOOKS
130-45 (H) 224 St., Jamaica 13, N.Y.

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. N5
Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 16

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
3338 Sixth Ave., New York 14
☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....
9-16-61

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appealing records of older music: a complete Albeniz *Iberia* and Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole*, played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Jean Morel (LM-6094); the Schubert *Sonata in D, Opus 53*, played by the Soviet pianist, Emil Gilels (LM-2495); and a coupling of the Bruch *Violin Concerto No. 1* with the Mozart *Violin Concerto No 3*. The latter are played by the twenty-year-old Bolivian-born violinist, Jaime Laredo, with the National Symphony Orchestra under Howard Mitchell (LM-2472).

All are well performed and well recorded. The complete Albeniz *Iberia* includes several sections not usually heard. These were first orchestrated from the original piano pieces as late as 1955, a year after the composer, Carlos Surinach, was persuaded by the Albeniz heirs to tackle the job. Both the E. F. Arbos orchestrations and those by Surinach are colorful and authentic in sound. Despite the fact that this *Iberia* is music of a rather limited, nationalistic nature, I find it refreshing when taken in moderate doses. When the needle moves from the last groove of *Iberia* to the first of Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole*, of course, the difference in musical stature is impressive.

Gilels' performance of the Schubert sonata is, on the whole, excellent. Here and there one might wish for a bit more inwardness and subtlety, but such moments are offset by others, as in the *Scherzo* or the central portions of the *Con Moto* movement, where verve and charm, respectively, are assets.

Unlike many of his elders, Jaime Laredo can still take the Bruch *Violin Concerto No. 1* seriously, and is able to emphasize its virtues of gracefulness and romantic warmth. Sometimes, as in the opening of the first movement, he takes the piece even too seriously, and moons. But aside from this, the interpretation is quite in perspective. His performance of the Mozart concerto is less striking. This is exceedingly difficult and elegant music, and while the violinist is technically competent throughout, the edge of refinement which marks a really unusual Mozart performance is mostly lacking. Tempi in the slow movement are a bit awkward and uncertain in the solo part and in the orchestra, and thickness of tone is too often present in both solo and accompaniment.

RECORDING PROJECT

AGREE shelters avoid the real problem — and not radiation? Then help promote, sing, expose song **"Let me die with my head held high . . . not alive in a grave in the ground!"** Sympathetic backing, exposure, singing talent sought by established Record **Producer. Box 507, c/o The Nation.**

PUBLICATIONS

American Soldiers in Siberia
by Col. S. Kindall
251 p. cloth, 1945 Contemporaneous account of A.E.F. INTERVENTION, publication delayed until after retirement. New, in jacket, while they last, $2 delivered.
Old Settler Bookshop, Walpole, N.H.

ATHEISTS UNITE!
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO WAIT
A.S.A. publications, Chapters, legal program. Act Now! Send $5 (students $3) for yr. membership plus **THE SECULARIST** to:
American Secularist Association
Box 50-N1 Vernon, N.J.

"L'EXPRESS" the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your sample copy. **Howard Publications, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.**

AFRIQUE action
The liberal voice of emerging Africa
Edited in Tunis, in French
Send 25c for your copy
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
1475 Broadway New York 36

"PROGRESSIVE WORLD"
Bold, classic monthly magazine for Atheists and all who respect Truth, Reason, Science and Common Sense! We fight to keep Church and State separate. 3 months—$1.00; 1 year—$4.00. Send for free sample.
Progressive World-A, 7210 N.E. Glisan St., Portland 13, Oregon

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE REPORTS I have been hearing all summer about Luchino Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers* now seem to me, if not exactly wrong, considerably overheated. It is a vivid and eventful picture, filled with boisterous humanity and capable of holding your attention fairly consistently for a period very close to three hours. It is like a powerful but ill-tuned engine that repeatedly falters and then plunges on again. The energy is tremendous and that is perhaps why *Rocco* has arrived here with the impressive, if fairly ludicrous, record of having won more than twenty-six international awards.

Visconti himself, "inspired" the program says, by a novel called *The Bridge of Ghisolfa*, wrote the picture with the assistance of two collaborators. Somewhere along the way, strong support was also received from Dostoevsky. I don't suggest anything so crude as plagiarism, but when a story involves one saintly brother and one beastly brother, both of whom are in love with a whore, and when that whore, having experienced extremes of venery and spirituality, dies embracing life and a knife in the bosom, it is hard to escape Russian associations.

All in all, the film gives me the impression of striving for a very large effect (Italian directors today appear to be competing; to see who can produce, not the newest, but the largest wave) without caring very deeply about the quality of its details or without being particularly squeamish about clichés of situation and presentation. Much of the photography is respectable European realism in the style established by the great postwar pictures, but Visconti finds an easy solution to moments of high emotion by using Valentino-like close-ups, often with gelatin tears; the film is considerably involved with prize fighting, but the ring scenes are perfunctory and repetitious, and the gymnasium background shots are so prettily rhythmic that they seem to have been staged by a junior choreographer.

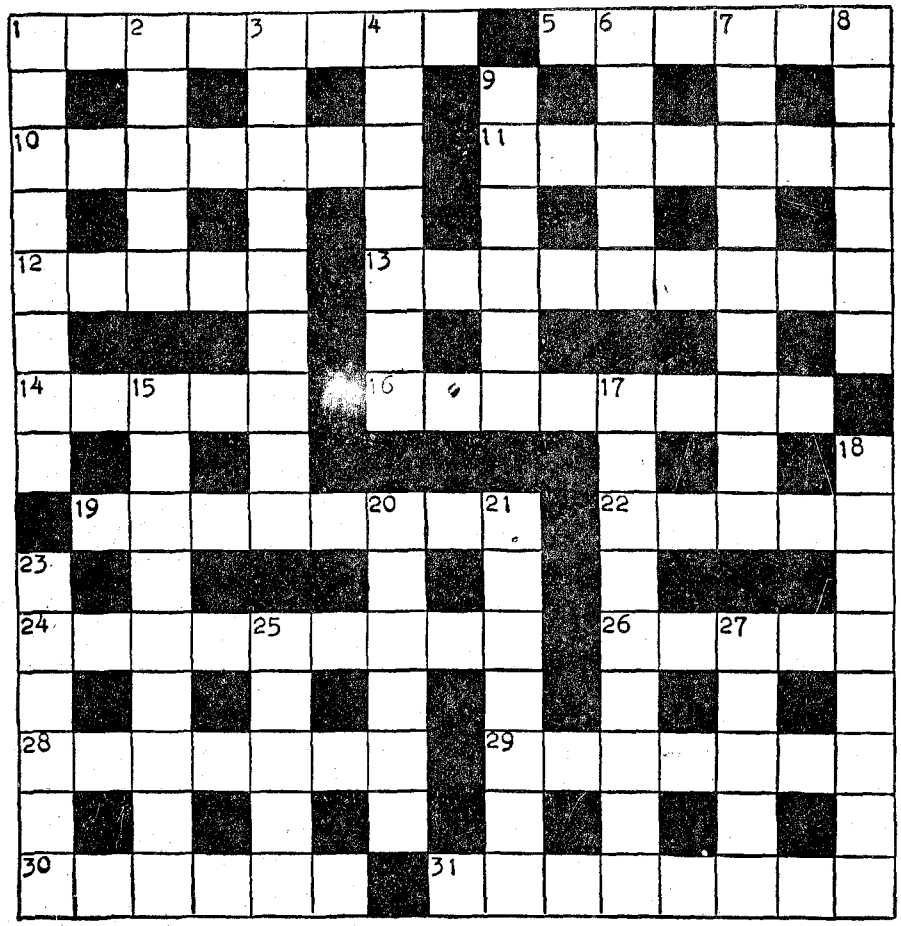
Rocco, his mother and his brothers are from the south of Italy, driven to Milan by the excessive cruelty of their impoverished region, and the moral of the film, at least in part, is that the sturdy decencies of such refugees are quickly corrupted by the big city. In fact, though, the family catches on very commendably in the north—one son is supporting a young family as a construction worker, one has a good job with Alfa Romeo and is suitably engaged to marry, one is still a child and Rocco, the saintly conscience of the tribe, is rapidly becoming the most renowned pugilist in Italy (despite a bone structure that would urge less bruising work). If only brother Simone were not howling like Caliban through their lives, they would represent the most successful of transplants. However, Katina Paxinou is playing the mother of the tribe and must be given some reason to menace the gods. My objection is that, though Simone could undoubtedly be a trial to a family with a strong feeling of identity, he is in movie terms rather a stock bum and lends the film a color of stereotype.

I think most viewers will stay with the picture, expecting from scene to scene that it will get its evident power in hand; and I think most viewers will find themselves disappointed. *Rocco*, thus, is an impressive failure — I would call it an honorable failure if I were certain that its makers had in mind anything more serious than producing a sensation for the film festivals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 929

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Evidently the worker is idle without instruments. (8)
5 What some people do after blowing up powder, for example. (4-2)
10 An appropriate monogram for Fat Adolph to have left in the building.
11 He ends up copying an accomlishment of one who is likely to make a pile. (7)
12 Mary Ann was known as a sort of 22. (5)
13 Having returned with a partner for the evening? (Such things are artificially made historical.) (4-5)
14 Due to its close relationship to opinion? (5)
16 This water might keep you up. (8)
19 An example being certainly not out of position! (8)
22 5 stories, facing the wind? (3, 2)
24 The chief South American horse?
26 Strangely enough, such a concern is likely to stay around for some time.
28 See 6 down
29 It might surround you, and has just dandy surroundings itself. (7)
30 Evidently very agreeable folk. (6)
31 Whitman told Death to come arriving thus. (8)

DOWN:

1 Soft hair and down used as trimming? (8)
2 In part, this isn't usually named.
3 What the deerstalker might catch, in retrospect? (9)
4 and 18 down Cattle, however not for Burgess! (4, 3, 3, 5)
6, 28 across and 7 down How the bored, the sated, or the impoverished might make out? (1, 4, 2, 5, 9)
8 Keep a god actually in the temple? Quite the contrary! (6)
9 The sap of sapodilla? (6)
15 Would one expect to find a person amusing, or otherwise? (9)
17 The European coach industry? (9)
18 See 4 down
20 Nothing that poor planning comes to! (6)
21 Many good things are likely to be on the bottom of the tea-table. (7)
23 Things that cause it are not interest-bearing. (6)
25 This creature should have a swell effect on some viewers. (5)
27 She certainly shouldn't suggest an Amazon. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 923

ACROSS: 1 Massachusetts; 10 Water; 11 Resurgent; 12 Free agent; 13 Hosea; 14 Statistician; 19 In record time; 22 Music; 24 Generates; 25 Salicylic; 26 Inure; 27 Ornithologist. DOWN: 2 Anther; 3 Sarcastic; 4 Carpenter; 5 Upset; 6 Earth; 7 Theistic; 8 Swift; 9 Strains; 15 Satanical; 16 Immersing; 17 Air mass; 18 Wrestler; 20 Stoups; 21 Askew; 23 Cacti; 24 Gulch.

RESORTS

WINDY HILL ON ORANGE LAKE
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Records, books. Summer Theatre, Golf nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantity. OPEN THROUGH OCTOBER 15. $55.00 Weekly; $8.00 Daily; Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner $16.
Tel. Newburgh: JO 2-1232
Jane C. Arenz, R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y.

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FORESThouse
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. **Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Palded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC). 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiements! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

PERSONALS

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, mature, would like to discuss the current world scene; also art and literature with readers having similar interest. Address: **MISS VANUXEM, P. O. BOX 2242, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.**

INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate **HUMANISM!** Write **American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.**

$2.50 each

SAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE NATION

- Each file holds a full year's copies.
- Jesse Jones Volume Files for every publication.
- Covered in durable leather like Kivar, title embossed in 16 Kt. gold.

Satisfaction guaranteed

Attractive and practical for your home or office
3 for $7.00
6 for $13.00
ORDER NOW — send check or money order
Magazine File Co.
520 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

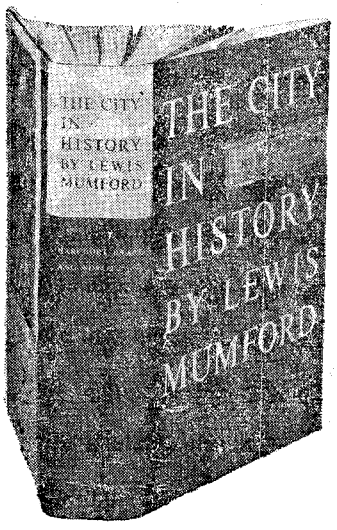
ADVERTISE YOUR WANTS IN THE NATION

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

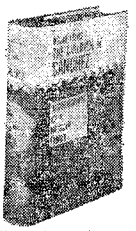
Any 3 Books FREE

SAVINGS UP TO $35.55 WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION



The City in History, Lewis Mumford. *Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.*

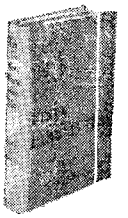
The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



The Children of Sánchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

After the Seventh Day, Ritchie Calder. Retail $6.95. *Member's price $4.95.*

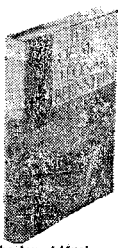
A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.



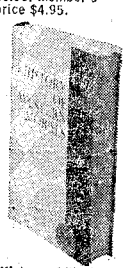
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, James Agee and Walker Evans. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Western Intellectual Tradition: From Leonardo to Hegel, J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

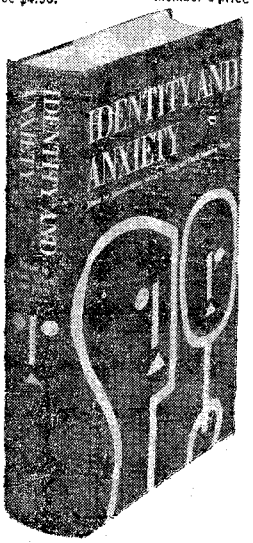
The Greek Myths, *Robert Graves. One* volume edition. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.75.



The Joy of Music, *Leonard Bernstein.* Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

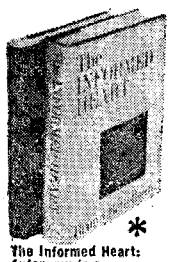


A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.



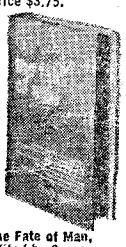
Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Margaret Mead, C. Wright Mills, Rollo May, Harvey Swados, George Orwell, Harold Rosenberg, I. A. Richards, Geoffrey Gorer, Irving Howe, Karl Jaspers, and many more. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

America as a Civilization, Max Lerner. Retail $10.00. *Member's price $5.95.*

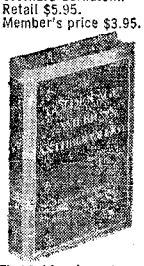


The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age, Bruno Bettelheim *and* **In Search of Humanity,** Alfred Cobban. *Combined Retail* price $9.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.50. *

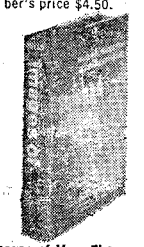
The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, edited by Robert E. Egner and Lester E. Dennon. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.



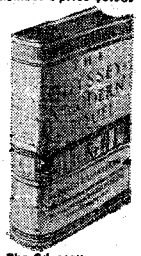
The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Spencer, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and others. Retail $7.50. *Member's price $4.95.*



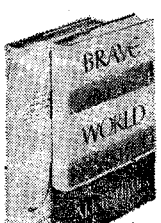
The Golden Age of American Anthropology, edited by Margaret Mead and Ruth Bunzel. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.



Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Spencer, Weber, Marx, Engels, Veblen, and many others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

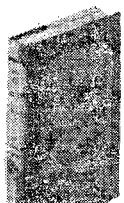


The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, Nikos Kazantzakis. Retail $10.00. *Member's price $5.95.*



J. B., Archibald MacLeish; *and* **Brave New World Revisited,** Aldous Huxley. Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price $4.50. *

The Lotus and the Robot, Arthur Koestler; *and* **Lanterns and Lances,** James Thurber. Combined retail price $7.90. Member's price (for both books) $4.95. *



The Age of Jackson, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.50. Member's price $3.95.

"THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT"

The Crisis of the Old Order, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Retail* $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.75. Member's price $4.75.

The Politics of Upheaval, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.

The Labyrinth, Saul Steinberg. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE! Here are some of the selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club **are** different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. These are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits and privileges of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above **free** with your first selection. Since several are dual selections*, you may acquire as many as **7** books in this way.

CONVENIENCE. Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want.

AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%. As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books shown here. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to **as much as $35.55.**

BONUS BOOKS. When your initial commitment has been fulfilled, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take.

* **Two books counting as one selection**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me the three free books of my choice with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least four additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months. When my initial commitment has been fulfilled, I will be entitled to a **free bonus book** of my own choosing after every third selection that I take. I am to receive each month without charge the **Book Find News** containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of **all** other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional selections or alternates.

First Selection _____

Free Books 1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Please print full name

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)

B61-98-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED